

The Sketch.

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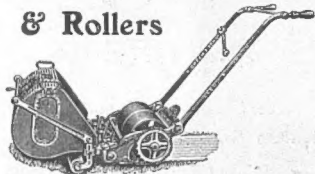
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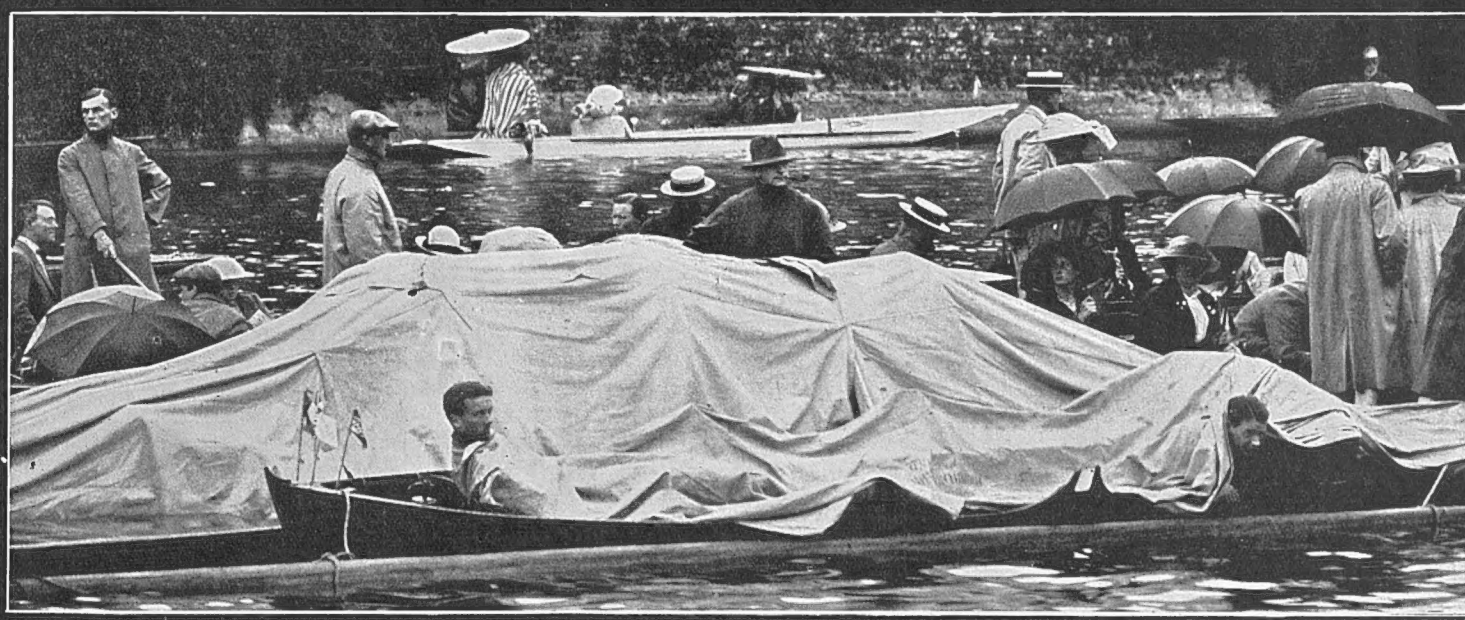
For Breakfast & after Dinner.

The Sketch

No. 1067.—Vol. LXXXIII.

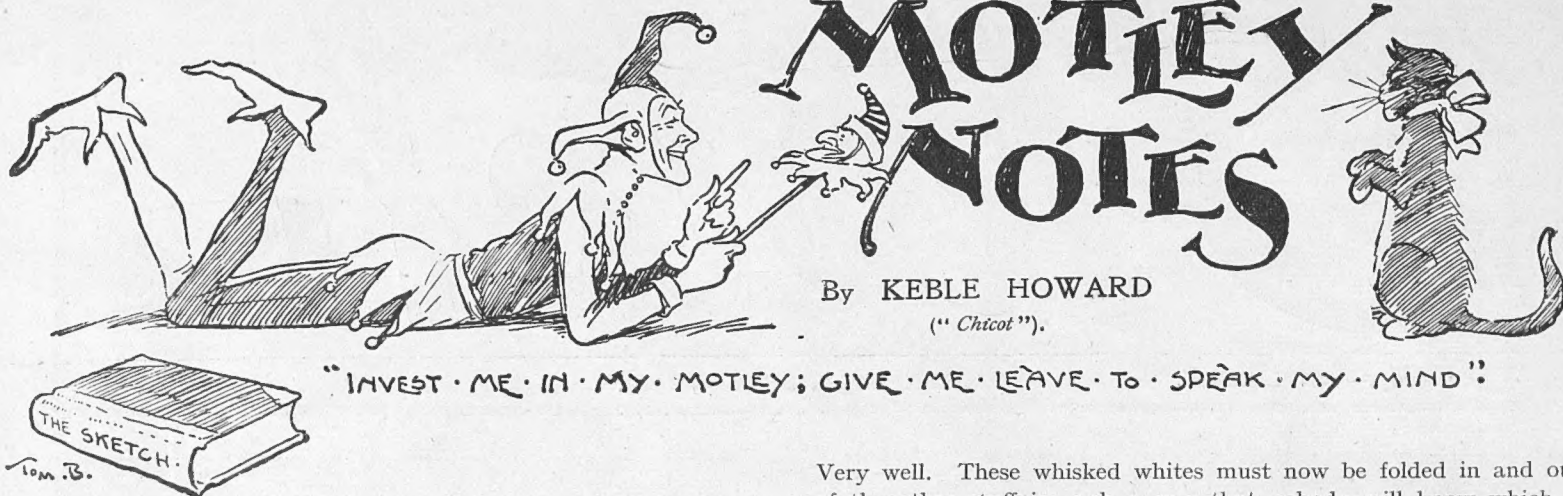
WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1913.

SIXPENCE.



THE WATERY GRAVE OF THE GREAT WATER-FESTIVAL OF THE YEAR: DURING THE RAIN
ON THE LAST DAY OF HENLEY REGATTA.

The last day of Henley Regatta began by being something of an improvement on the preceding days. Then, with the last race of the meeting—the Visitors' Challenge Cup—came the rain, which was soon to be a deluge. That spoiled the evening.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau and G.P.U.]



Cookery Notes.

Now that the hot weather is really upon us in all its sweltering glory—this is just to show the Editor that I can write as well as the swanky girl who is sent to write up the weddings and garden-parties—many young housewives will be at their wits' ends to know what to do with the inevitable accumulations of pieces of stale bread that are to be found, at this season of the year, in any bread-pan. There is, of course, the old-fashioned bread-pudding, that hardy stand-by of our grandmothers and great-grandmothers, but the modern husband is apt to kick at bread-pudding more than once a week, whilst the modern child cannot be forced to swallow it by even the most terrifying nurse.

As a matter of fact, this constant falling back upon bread-pudding is a sign of weakness in the brain-box of the housekeeper. You can do all sorts of things with those wretched bits of bread in the bread-pan if you will only learn the way and take the trouble. The possibilities are endless. I propose to-day, therefore, to give you one or two simple recipes for the using up of odd pieces of bread, which will be found to combine economy with taste, and frugality with—well, some word like appetisingness.

(1) Take the pieces of bread firmly in the left hand, and, in the right hand, grasp a sharp knife. Now cut the bread into thin slices, place on a toasting-fork, and hold before a clear fire until nicely browned. This dish, known in certain parts of England and in the Low Countries as "toast," will be found extremely delectable, more especially if butter be applied to one side in a thin layer. It can also be served with cheese, jam, marmalade, or, indeed, anything whatever. *Average cost—nothing.*

(2) A rather more elaborate method of using up stale pieces of bread, but one which is infinitely preferable to allowing the pieces to be hurled away, is as follows: Crumble up the bread until there is practically nothing of it left but a few bread-crumbs. Now soak these crumbs in strawberry syrup—raspberry syrup will do equally well, if you do not happen to have much strawberry syrup standing about—and then, to every half-pint of the mixture, add a pound of sugar and the well-beaten yolks of twelve eggs. (Always get the best fresh eggs.) Catch hold of your patty-pans, and line them with layers of very thin and delicate pastry. Fill now with the mixture and pop into the oven. Whilst the concoction is baking, take a lot more eggs, a couple of pounds of caster sugar, and whisk the whole into a series of meringues. Pile the meringues on to the little cakes, and, if your husband says that he can detect the presence of the bread-crumbs, call him a liar, quickly and loudly, and take the next train to the home of your mother.

Average cost for a party of two—eight shillings.

(3) Here is a third way of using up bits of stale bread. Again crumble in the fingers until you have nothing left but about two ounces of white powder. Surround yourself with all the caster sugar, eggs, milk, and vanilla essence you can lay your hands on, and have two or three liqueurs standing by in case you feel faint.

Method: Boil the milk, and suddenly fling it over the crumbs. (This will surprise the crumbs; hence the name, "Surprise Pudding.") Place on ice to cool, and then mix in the sugar (any amount), the well-beaten yolks (don't be stingy with them), the vanilla (a good dollop), and half-a-pint of your favourite liqueur.

In the meantime, mind you, with the other hand, you have been whisking the whites of the eggs until they will stand by themselves.

Very well. These whisked whites must now be folded in and out of the other stuff in such a way that nobody will know which is which, or which is the beginning and which the end. (An alternative name is "Which Pudding.") Tip the whole mess into a slippery pie-dish, bake it, and, when you serve it, add a smothering of vanilla sauce.

Result: Your husband, if he is half a man, will fling his arms about you, tell you that you are the cleverest and most economical little wife in the world, and, with the money saved by thus treating the stale bread, buy you a diamond necklace and take you to dinner at the Ritz.

Next week I shall have something to say on what to do with discarded pea-pods, potato-peel, used tea-leaves, egg-shells, and the dust that will accumulate, in this weather, on unused plates and dishes.

The Poor Money-Lender.

A determined attack, led by Lord Newton, is being made on the poor money-lender who does not trade under his own name. The *Daily Mail* lends the great influence of its columns in support of Lord Newton's Bill. Not only does it print a very amusing list of "Money-Lenders' Aliases," in which we find no less than nine Cohens, but also devotes a leader to the subject—

"If he wants to retain the esteem of his neighbours," says the writer, "he has only, after all, to change his business, and his very anxiety to hide the nature of his occupation suggests that there may be something not always very creditable about it."

I feel that I must leap to the defence of the poor money-lender. The letters that he often sends to me are couched in such kindly terms—far more kindly than the letters of those to whom I may possibly owe a small sum. Here, surely, is an evidence of the nice-mindedness of the money-lender. I owe him nothing; he owes me nothing. I do not know him; he does not know me. And yet, by the first post in the morning, I receive a letter from him offering to lend me any sum from £5 to £10,000 without any security but my signature on a piece of paper. To crown all, the envelope is generally addressed in the charming handwriting of a lady!

As to hiding the nature of his occupation, are we not all urged, by that excellent Alexander Pope, to "do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame"?

A Harsh Letter.

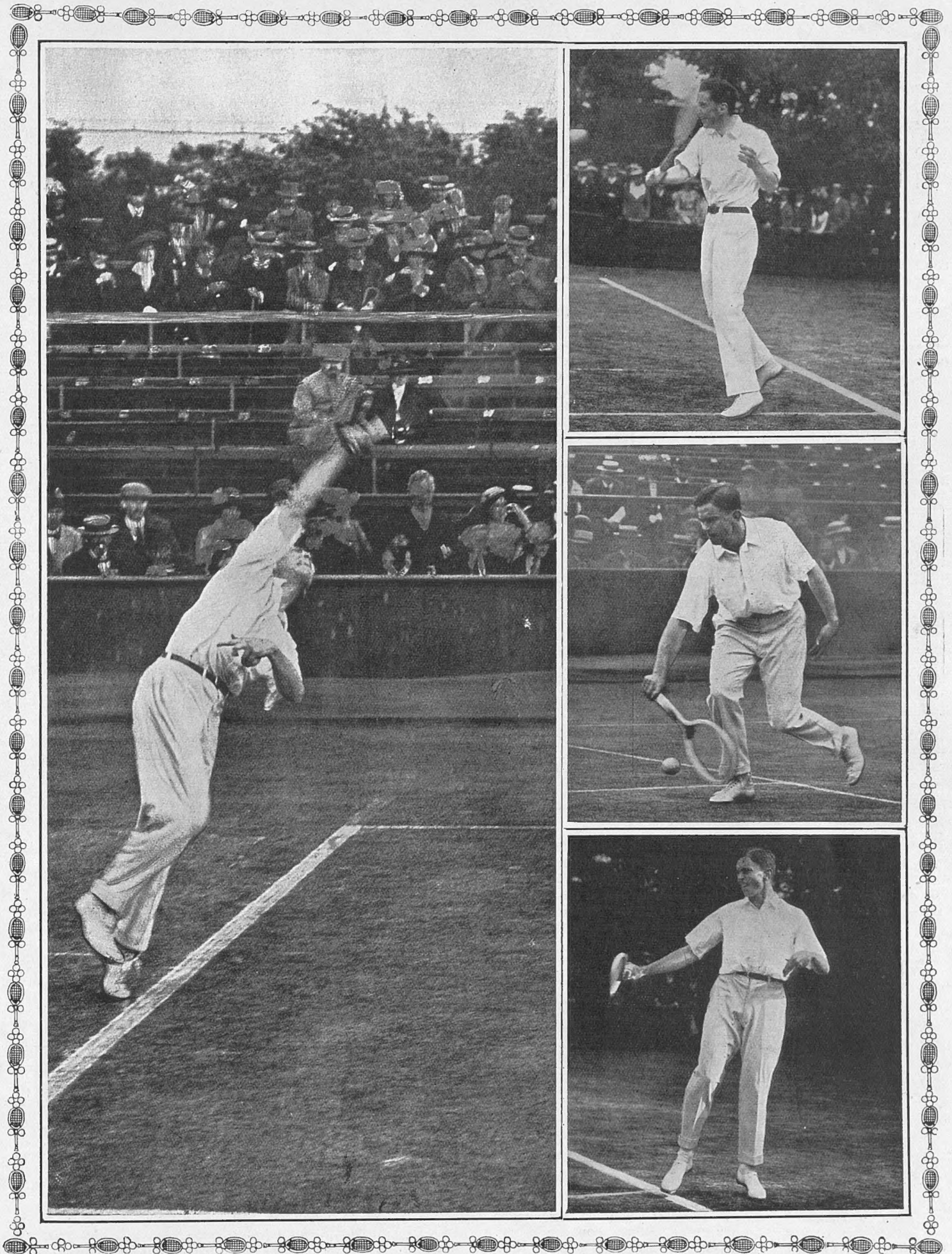
A warrior living at St. Peter's-on-Thamet, plunging into the campaign, explains his own method of silencing the sweet voice of the money-lender.

"There are," says he, "means of protecting oneself. One gentleman, bearing a lofty Norman name, was so persistent that at last I turned and informed him that though I was in no need of money, my wife was looking out for a good cook, and would be grateful to him if he could assist her in the search. This seems to have ruffled the susceptibilities of the noble descendant of the Crusaders, as I never heard from him again."

If the writer realised for one instant how sensitive money-lenders are, he would not, I am quite sure, have posted that stinging, mocking letter. He would, on the contrary, have sent something of this sort—

"Dear Sir,—Please allow me to thank you for your most charming and friendly letter to hand this morning. It touched me, Sir!—touched me so deeply that I would ask you to refrain from writing to me in this strain for the future. My doctor has cautioned me against any variety of strain, and my lawyer is most unwilling that I should be touched. My banker is in cordial agreement with both."

A MINT MASTER: THE MAN WITH THE CANNON-BALL SERVICE.



WITH SERVICE SO SWIFT THAT THE CAMERA COULD NOT CATCH IT: MR. MAURICE E. McLOUGHLIN, WHO WON THE GENTLEMEN'S SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP FINAL, AND SO EARNED THE RIGHT TO PLAY MR. A. F. WILDING.

Mr. Maurice E. McLoughlin, a twenty-three-year-old employé in the United States Mint at San Francisco, beat Mr. S. N. Doust in the final of the Gentlemen's Singles Championship at Wimbledon by 6-3, 6-4, 7-5. There are two great features about his lawn-tennis: his fine generalship and the severity of his service. His first service is so fast that it is practically untakable; his second service is rather slower, but there is plenty of top-spin to the ball, which seems to increase its pace as it comes off the ground, and very often keeps low. It will be noted that the movement of the racquet was so fast when the largest of our photographs was taken that the racquet merely left a blur on the plate.—[Photographs by Sport and General, Illustrations Bureau, and C.N.]

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



MISS L. F. NETTELFOLD—FOR WANTING TO BE A PERSON WITHIN THE SOLICITORS' ACT.



MR. A. H. POLLEN—FOR HIS AUTOMATIC FIRE-CONTROL SYSTEM FOR NAVAL GUNS.



MR. WALTER M. SCOTT—FOR BEING MUCH MENTIONED IN THE SACKVILLE SUIT.



THE REV. A. B. PARRY-EVANS—FOR PERSUADING BARGEES TO ENDEAVOUR NOT TO SWEAR.



MRS. HELEN WING ROBINSON—FOR BEING THE FIRST WOMAN SENATOR IN THE UNITED STATES.

Miss Nettelfold was one of the ladies associated with Miss G. M. Bebb in her action against the Law Society, in which she sought an injunction restraining the Society from refusing her leave to attend the preliminary examination for admission to the profession. Mr. Justice Joyce dismissed the action. It is understood there will be an appeal.—Mr. Pollen is the inventor of the automatic fire-control system which has aroused so much interest of late in the House of Commons and elsewhere.—During the "One Million Pound Will Case" Lady Sackville said that on one occasion Mr. Walter Scott threw himself on his knees and began to tell her he loved her. Later she said "He followed me across the room on his knees."—The Rev. A. B. Parry-Evans, vicar of Sittingbourne, called the Bargees' Bishop, has started a "Bargemen's Brotherhood" for the barge men of the River Swale. One rule reads "Every member shall endeavour not to swear."—Mrs. Helen Wing Robinson is a member of the Colorado Senate. Her husband, Mr. Ewing Robinson, is an attorney-at-law.—[Photographs by Cotton, L.N.A., and C.N.]



LORD GLANUSK—FOR BEING A THOROUGH BOY SCOUT COMMANDANT AT THE RALLY AT BIRMINGHAM.



COLONEL SEELY—FOR HIS AGILITY IN TAKING RAILS (LOW), NOT, AS YOU THOUGHT, ESCAPING SUFFRAGETTES, BUT TO ATTEND A PARADE.



THE HON. VICTORIA SACKVILLE-WEST—FOR BEING "KIDLET" TO THE EXCEPTIONALLY ENTERPRISING "DAILIES."

Lord Glanusk, who has had a notable military career, has been at the Boy Scouts' Rally at Birmingham, as Commandant.—The Hon. Victoria Sackville-West, only child of Lord and Lady Sackville, was referred to as "Kidlet" during the hearing of the so-called "Million Pound Will Case": so most of the daily newspapers have continued to call her. She is here seen with a pet bear.—[Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations, Illustrations Bureau, and C.N.]



THE KING OF GREECE—FOR BEING HIS OWN, STRICTLY UNCENSORED, WAR CORRESPONDENT.



LORD NEWTON—FOR DISCOVERING MONEY-LENDERS' ARISTOCRATIC NAMES.



MISS JESSIE WILSON—FOR BEING THE LUCKY 13TH WHITE HOUSE BRIDE.



MR. T. G. GRINTER—FOR HAVING BEEN OUT ONLY ONCE IN FIVE CRICKET MATCHES.



GENERAL SIR H. MILES—FOR THOROUGHLY BELIEVING IN GIBRALTAR JURIES.

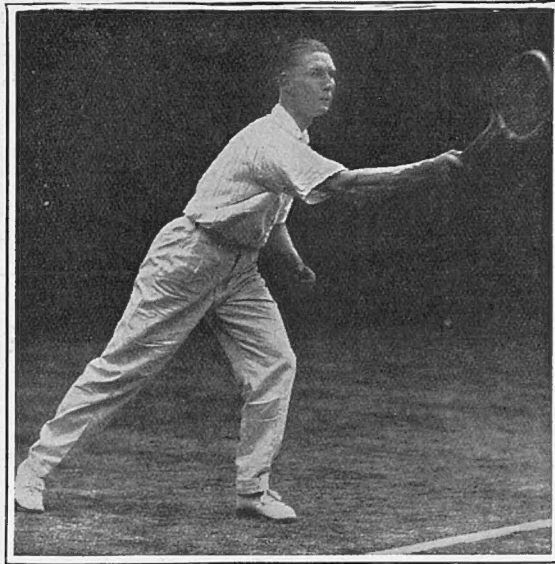
The King of Greece acted as his own war-correspondent the other day, sending a long news-despatch to the "Daily Mail," at that paper's request.—Lord Newton, speaking on his Bill to amend the Money-lenders Acts, mentioned the well-known fact that many money-lenders adopt for trading purposes names more aristocratic than their own: Samuel Cohen becomes Curzon; Abraham Cohen, L. Fortescue; Joseph Abrahams, Rosslyn Stuart; and so on.—Miss Jessie Wilson, second daughter of the President of the United States, has just become engaged to Mr. Francis B. Sayres. Hers will be the thirteenth White House wedding since the establishment of the Republic. President Wilson has often declared thirteen a lucky number in his life.—Mr. T. G. Grinter, captain of the South Woodford C.C., has been out only once in his last five matches, and has scored 745 runs.—Lieutenant-General Sir Herbert Miles has been appointed Governor of Gibraltar in succession to General Sir Archibald Hunter, resigned, whose speech in which he said "Gibraltar juries are notoriously unjust in favour of their own" aroused much indignation.

[Photographs by Stanley, Lafayette (Dublin), Davis and Sanford, Wastell, and Walter Barnett.]

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



MR. ATWELL—FOR HIS BONY PART AS A PREHISTORIC MAN AND FOR WALKING BIRMINGHAM STREETS AS HERE SHOWN.



PRINCE FRIEDRICH KARL OF HOHENZOLLERN—FOR HIS MODESTY IN BEING KNOWN AS PLAIN "F. KARL" WHILE PLAYING IN THE LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS AT WIMBLEDON.



HAYWARD—FOR MAKING HIS HUNDREDTH CENTURY IN FIRST-CLASS CRICKET, AND GIVING BUT ONE (THE FINAL) CHANCE.

Mr. Atwell is shown in the dress he wore when lecturing the youngsters on prehistoric flints during the great Boy Scouts' Rally at Birmingham.—Prince Friedrich Karl of Hohenzollern, who, as Mr. F. Karl, competed at Wimbledon, is the son of Prince Friedrich Leopold of Hohenzollern, and a nephew of the Duchess of Connaught.—Hayward, playing for Surrey against Lancashire, the other day, made 139, and only gave one chance, that which caused him to be out. Thus he made the hundredth of his centuries in first-class cricket.—[Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations and Sport and General.]



MR. JUSTICE PHILLIMORE—FOR ADVOCATING WOMEN POLICE-CONSTABLES.



THE PRINSEP BABY—FOR HAVING CHOSEN A MOTHER AS CHARMING AND CLEVER AS MISS MARIE LÖHR, THE FAMOUS YOUNG ACTRESS.



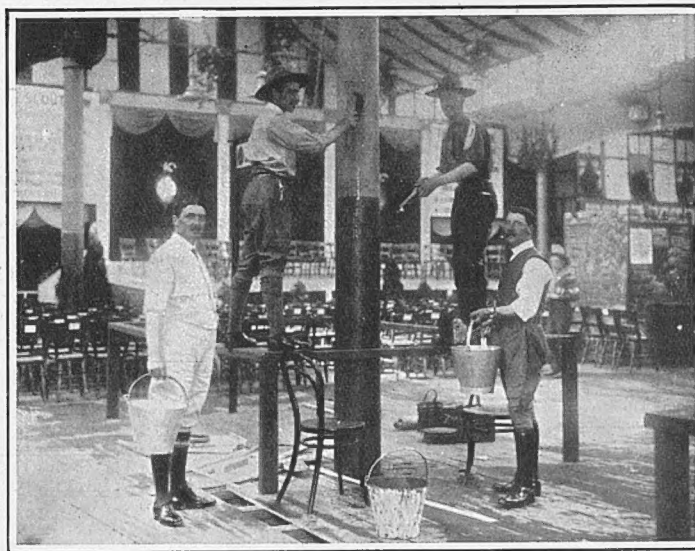
MRS. HELEN VERNET—FOR BEING THE ONLY LADY BOOK-MAKER, AND NOT SHOUTING.

Mr. Justice Phillimore has suggested that there should be one woman constable in each Petty Sessional division, adding that this would open another career to women, some of whom seemed badly to want one.—Mrs. Vernet, the lady bookmaker, caused much interest at Sandown the other day, when she went into Tattersall's. She stood by the rails and did her business exclusively with members and chiefly with ladies. She did not shout the odds.

Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Illustrations Bureau, and Sport and General.



MISS DAISY MARKHAM—FOR ACCEPTING £50,000 FOR BREACH OF PROMISE AND REFUSING THE HALLS.



TWO HONOURABLES AND TWO PEERS—FOR AIDING BOY SCOUTS TO CLEAN BINGLEY HALL—WITHOUT THE WHITEWASH THEIR PAIRS SUGGEST—AND SO HELPING TO ASSURE THE SUCCESS OF THE GREAT RALLY AT BIRMINGHAM.



"BIM" (THE MARQUESS OF NORTHAMPTON)—FOR A GENEROUS SPIRIT IN SETTLING £50,000.

Miss Daisy Markham's action against the Marquess of Northampton for breach of promise of marriage ended in the settlement upon her, by consent, of £50,000 and the payment of costs. Miss Markham has refused several offers to go on the music-hall stage. She will, she says, build a house for her father and mother and will settle some of the money upon them. With regard to the damages, the Judge said: "In regard to money, that is not a matter for me to express any opinion about, except that as it is accepted by the plaintiff, and as it is given in a generous spirit—and at the same time a spirit which dictated to the defendant that provision should be made for her—the settlement, if it is of any value to anybody for me to say it, has my fullest approval."—Those well-known men who are shown helping to clean Bingley Hall, Birmingham, for the Boy Scout Exhibition are the Hon. Moubay St. John, elder of Lord St. John of Bletso's brothers; the Hon. Gerald Legge, second son of the Earl of Dartmouth; Lord Hampton; and Lord St. John of Bletso.—[Photographs by L.N.A. and Newspaper Illustrations.]

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A Symphony. Arthur E. Legge. 3s. 6d. net.
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LORD NEWTON'S CRUSADE: "CREWE AND LANSDOWNE": "SAM" LEWIS AT WORK AND PLAY.

Money-Lenders' Circulars.

If Lord Newton's Bill directed against money-lenders passes through the House of Commons and becomes law, the correspondence of anyone whose name is in any book of reference, or in any of the many directories, will shrink sensibly in bulk. It is rarely that my morning's bundle of letters does not contain an offer from somebody whose name suggests the aristocracy willing to lend me any sum from £50 to £10,000 on easy terms, without publicity, on my mere note of hand. These go into the waste-paper basket, but I resent the couple of seconds spent in opening and reading these circulars, which are in good envelopes, generally addressed in a female handwriting. If I were in such desperate straits and so devoid of securities that my bankers would not lend me money, I might enter into correspondence with these gentlemen who write to me from fashionable addresses; but in the days when I heard a good deal about money-lending, impecunious young fellows who wanted a hundred or two, or a thousand or two, and did not care a jot what interest they paid, generally found out from someone equally impecunious the address of a good-natured Shylock and went to him for assistance.

Money-Lenders' Touts.

Those were the days in which the money-lenders' tout flourished. He was always good-looking, always excellently dressed, he was generally a member of one or two Bohemian clubs; and the young man whom he took to Moses or Aaron had no idea that his affable friend, a man about town with a great knowledge of the world, paid his tailor's and shoemaker's bills by a percentage allowed him by the money-lender on the transactions effected with the lambs he brought to fold. Some of the tailors in those days were reputed to be money-lenders as well as cutters of cloth. Now and again, nowadays, I hear of a boy borrowing money from his tailor; but the gentlemen of the shears, as a class, have wiped away the reproach that tailoring was not their only trade.

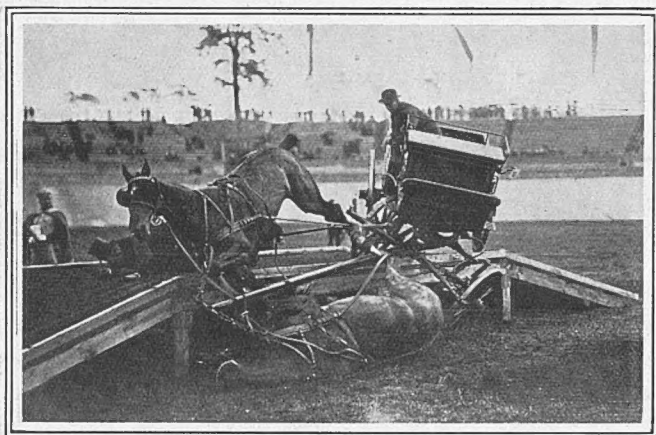
"Crewe and Lansdowne."

Lord Newton, in his humorous catalogue of the names some of the money-lenders adopt, suggested that Moses and Aaron might trade, if they wished, as "Crewe and Lansdowne," without their real names ever appearing. But though Lord Newton's Bill may here and there compel people of seeming respectability to come out into the open as undisguised money-lenders, it will also, if it becomes law, have the effect of proving that certain people suspected of making money by usury have nothing to do with that unpopular business. At one time there was a queer-looking name which appeared often as that of a money-lender on circulars and in cases in the Courts. If I could remember and set down the names of all the highly placed and aristocratic people whom I have been told at one time or another were the real Shylock, I should detail an extraordinary list. Not that the aristocrats who do go into this business always make a

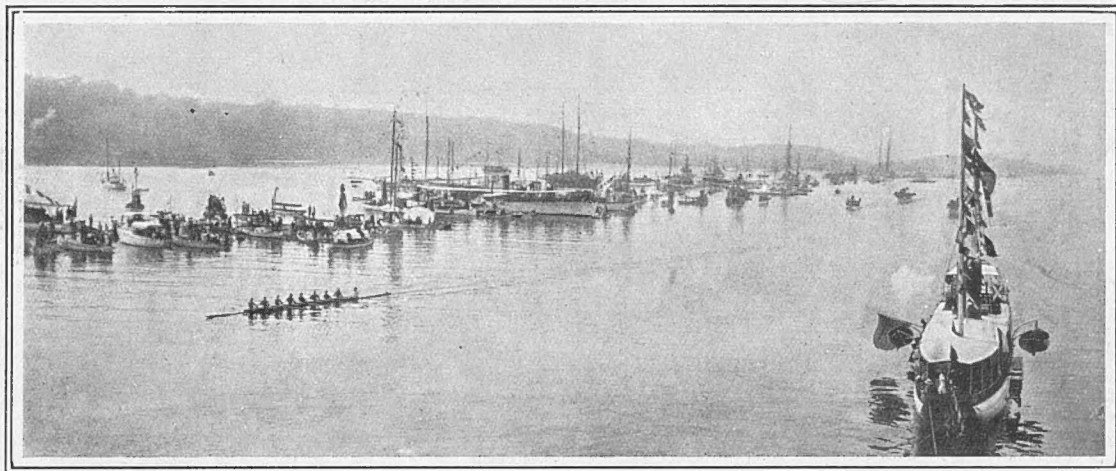
fortune by it, for I heard of a case in which three Guardsmen (each of whom in his salad-days had been well plundered by money-lenders) put a considerable sum of money into such a business. The first transaction that their firm carried through proved a disastrous one for the three partners; they lost the money they had ventured, and the firm ceased to exist very soon after it was registered.

The Late "Sam" Lewis.

Most of the men, again, who borrowed money from "Sam" Lewis had a good word for that money-lender. "Sam," as he was known to every man about town, was an inveterate gambler, who never turned a hair over his losses. He played maximum stakes at Monte Carlo as though he were gambling with half-pennies, and in his money-lending business he gambled on desperate chances, risking his capital to obtain returns which may have been—and probably were—unreasonably high. But nobody else could, or would, in return for problematical reimbursement, have lent many thousands to the young men with very shaky expectations who were willing to pay unreasonably large sums of money on some future date if their expectations were realised. "Sam" Lewis traded under his own name; his back view, his very bald head and broad back, as he stood in the bow-window on the first floor in Cork Street, were well known to all men about town; he had an acquaintance with thousands of men who never dreamed of going to him for help, and he did innumerable acts of charity. He said jokingly of himself that he "lent to the lord and gave to the poor;" and, far from entangling little flies in his spider's web, he told anyone who came to him for some small loan that his rates of interest were larger than they need pay, and suggested to them to have another try at their bankers.



A CURIOUS MISHAP IN BERLIN'S NEW OLYMPIC GAMES STADIUM: A SPILL IN AN OBSTACLE RACE.



THE CONDUCT OF INTER-UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACING IN THE UNITED STATES: THE COURSE AT THE FINISH OF THE RECENT CONTEST BETWEEN HARVARD AND YALE. The Harvard boat is seen crossing the finishing line; the Yale boat is hidden by the judge's yacht.

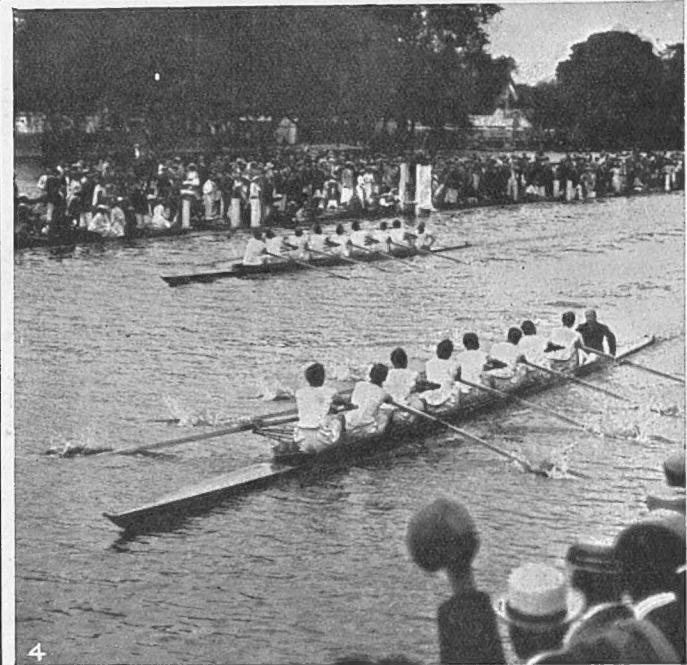
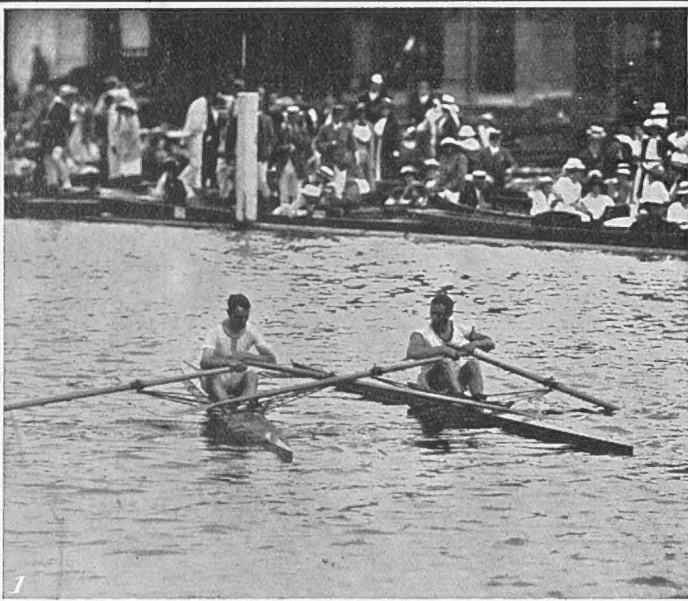
Photograph by Levick.

A Visit to Rome.

"Sam" Lewis had a sense of humour, and had always an excellent story or two to tell; and there were plenty of stories told concerning "Sam": chiefly of his nerve in gambling at Monte Carlo, where he went every year. He used to put a large wad of bank-notes down on a table to back a certain chance, going the maximum every time; if he won, the croupier

added the maximum to this little stack of paper; if he lost, the maximum was subtracted from it; and all the while "Sam" strolled about the room looking at other tables. From one of the drawbacks of Monte Carlo he was permanently free. Even the boldest rascal sitting at the table had not the face to pretend that "Sam's" pile of bank-notes belonged to him. One year one of his friends tempted him to visit Rome by describing to him in glowing terms all the beauties of the Eternal City. On his return to Monte Carlo, his friend asked him what he thought of Rome. "You can 'ave Rome" was Lewis's brief summary of his opinion of the capital of Italy.

THE GREAT REGATTA: SOME HENLEY SENSATIONS.



1. THE LOSER AIDING THE WINNER: E. B. BUTLER (ARGONAUT R.C., TORONTO), HOLDING UP C. W. WISE (LONDON R.C.) WITH ONE OF HIS SCULLS ON THAT OARSMAN'S COLLAPSE AFTER WINNING.
3. MARLOW (WHO ROWED A DEAD HEAT WITH CAIUS COLLEGE IN THE THAMES CHALLENGE CUP) BEAT PEMBROKE COLLEGE IN THE SAME EVENT.
5. MARLOW, WHO ROWED A DEAD HEAT WITH CAIUS.

2. AFTER A FINE EXHIBITION OF PLUCK: C. W. WISE (LONDON R.C.) TAKEN CARE OF BY THE THAMES CONSERVANCY ON HIS COLLAPSE AFTER HIS WIN IN THE FOURTH HEAT OF THE DIAMOND CHALLENGE SCULLS.
4. LEANDER BEAT THE ARGONAUT R.C., TORONTO, IN THE SECOND HEAT OF THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP.
6. LEANDER, WHO BEAT THE ARGONAUTS, TORONTO.

Wise beat Butler after a great effort, but collapsed after winning by two and a quarter lengths in 8 min. 41 sec. He was taken aboard the Thames Conservancy boat.—Marlow and Caius rowed a dead heat in 7 min. 29 sec. The dead heat was rowed off in the evening, when Marlow won by a quarter of a length.—Marlow beat Pembroke by the length of the forward canvas, in 7 min. 14 sec.—Leander beat the Argonauts by a length and a quarter, in 6 min. 51 sec.

Photographs by L.N.A., C.N., and Topical.

THE YOUNGSTERS' HOUR: ON "CHILDREN'S DAY" AT RANELAGH.



1. LADY SEMPILL AND ONE OF HER DAUGHTERS, THE HON. MARGARET FORBES-SEMPILL. 2. LADY CONSTANCE GORE AND HER YOUNGER DAUGHTER, MISS CRYSTAL GORE.
 3. PRINCESS MARY OF TECK ON A DONKEY—THE DUKE OF TECK, HER FATHER, ON THE RIGHT OF THE PHOTOGRAPH.
 4. LADY HERBERT SCOTT WITH HER SON, MASTER CLAUD SCOTT, AND HER DAUGHTERS, THE MISSES MARIAN AND PATRICIA SCOTT. 5. THE HON. MRS. BERTRAND J. RUSSELL AND HER DAUGHTERS, THE MISSES PRUDENCE, URSULA, AND JOAN RUSSELL.

Lady Sempill, whose marriage took place in 1892, was known at that time as Miss Gwendolen Prodgers, daughter of Mr. Herbert Prodgers, of Kington St. Michael, Chippenham. Her son, the Master of Sempill, was born in September 1893. The Hon. Margaret Forbes-Sempill was born in 1905.—Lady Constance Milles, sister of Earl Soudes, married Mr. Francis W. G. Gore in 1885. Miss Violet Gore (walking behind) was born in 1887; Miss Crystal Gore, in 1906.—Princess Mary of Teck was born in 1897.—Lord Herbert Scott, fourth son of the Duke of Buccleuch, married Miss Marie Josephine Edwards in 1905. Master Claud Scott was born in 1906; Miss Marian Scott, in 1908; and Miss Patricia, in 1910.—The Hon. Bertrand Joseph Russell, fourth son of the late Lord Russell of Killowen, married Miss Dorothy Leeming in 1902. Miss Prudence Russell was born in 1904; Miss Ursula in 1905; and Miss Joan, in 1908.—[Photographs by Topical and C.N.]



MORE LATE VICTORIAN DRAMA: "JIM THE PENMAN."

Gloomy Jim. The success of "Jim the Penman," coming hard upon the triumph of "Diplomacy," has caused many worthy people to wag their heads and say, "Where's your modern drama now?" The question may be answered without difficulty. These two plays are quite exceptional specimens of genteel melodrama, which, as far as I can see, is likely to prove thrilling to most playgoers for many years to come. Indeed, if Providence were to inform me that I shall live until the taste for melodrama is dead, I should sell or surrender all the life-policies that swallow up my income uncomfortably, and indulge in big-game shooting, aviation, American football, and other perilous pastimes which I eschew for the sake of my skin. Of course, these dear old plays have to be brought up to date: the soliloquies and asides are blue-pencilled out and the telephone (strength and weakness of the modern playwright) takes their place; pieces of a somewhat earlier period are revived as costume plays, but the work of the 'eighties, such as "Jim the Penman," is given in the garb of to-day. Even more drastic alterations have been made, unless memory deceives me; for surely an important element in the play originally was the discovery by Mrs. Ralston that her husband, from force of bad habit, had forged her name to a cheque for a trumpery five pounds. Alas! poor Jim—the penman, not exactly the "sunny" Jim who delighted us some years ago in buoyant pictures. By-the-bye, I wonder what has become of "Sunny Jim," and, indeed, the famous Nabob who used to invite you, if you liked the pickles to try the sauce, and Mrs. T. A. Allen's picture of the lady with the wonderful hair: these dear creatures used to be prominent features of the people's picture-gallery, and now I never seem to see them on the hoardings. *Où sont les neiges d'antan?* Where is the famous old poster of the lion in the net with the mouse gnawing at the cords? However, they have very little to do with gloomy Jim, whose gift for imitating the handwriting of other people caused his downfall and death, and for aught that I know, also caused his convenient heart disease. A dangerous gift, that of being able to imitate your neighbour's handwriting: if you can mimic his voice and gait, you may earn more money in the music-halls than a judge gets for sitting in the High Court and entertaining the reporters, or a Cabinet Minister for being black-guarded by the papers on the other side, or a Bishop for—really, I do not know much about Bishops, so I will conclude by saying—or a dramatic critic by writing brilliant little pieces of literature at so much an inch.

The Convenient Malady.

The awe-inspiring schemes of the promoters of Eugenics, if and when successful, may interfere with the plans of the dramatist, for no one in the happy future will be allowed to embark upon a career of crime unless he has a shock-proof heart. You will hardly pass muster by possessing a "robust conscience," because, after all, conscience is not one of those things which you can lay upon a table

for examination; but the human heart, that complex pump which we treat so romantically, has few secrets for the physician. Indeed, it is getting so blown upon that we might very well imitate the race which regarded the liver as the seat of passion; or why not the spleen, the exact object of which, I believe, is still a mystery?—our foreign friends used to think they knew all about it, and talked of *le spleen Anglais*; or why not the vermiform appendix?—but we all know that that was created for the purpose of enabling surgeons to pay large sums in income-tax.

It was fortunate for all parties that Jim the Penman had a weak heart, otherwise the late Sir Charles Young would have found it difficult to end his play, though no doubt the worthy forger might have taken poison when his unappreciated gift as a calligraphist threatened to become notorious. However, taking poison has gone out of fashion on the stage. It used to be quite the rage, and fashionable people were wont to pop in to see the divine Sarah squirm to death as Adrienne Lecouvreur, after taking arsenic; or, more horrible still, Croizette in "Le Sphinx," who was supposed to have walked the hospitals in order to study dying. I remember Beatrice Binda, who gave a powerful performance in an English version of Feuillet's unpleasant drama, when I was a happy schoolboy, or, at least, a schoolboy, for a lot of foolish tosh is talked of the happiness of school-days.

The Two Casts. It may be a duty to compare the

cast of 1886, when the play was given at the Haymarket, with the present company at the Comedy Theatre, but I never hesitate to shirk a duty when punishment is impossible. More than one of the originals is dead. Indeed, the death of Arthur Dacre (the Jim Ralston) and that of his talented wife, Amy Roselle, was a tragedy which shocked and startled the whole theatrical world some years ago—though I daresay that to-day there are other tragedies of the disappointment and disillusion of players once prominent in the limelight which are quite as sad, if less dramatic. So comparison should not be made in this case: one desires no Jim more powerful and effective than that of Mr. Norman McKinnel, grim, haggard, tense, watchful, deeply in love with the wife whom he won by fraud and the daughter of their marriage, and always haunted by terror of the black care riding behind him. Possibly Miss Grace Lane has hardly the melodramatic energy, the power of facial expression, of Lady Monckton, who is little more than a name to the present generation. I remember that her silent scene, when the idea came to her that the husband who imitated her signature to the five-pound cheque might be the man who forged the letter that separated her from Louis Percival was one of the great moments of the play. Miss Grace Lane gives an effective performance on other lines. In place of "Mr." Beerbohm Tree and Mr. Charles Brookfield and Mr. Barrymore, we have Messrs. Fisher White, Kenneth Douglas, and Godfrey Tearle, whose names are quite sufficient warranty of their work; and Miss Renée Kelly gives a charming performance in the part of Agnes.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



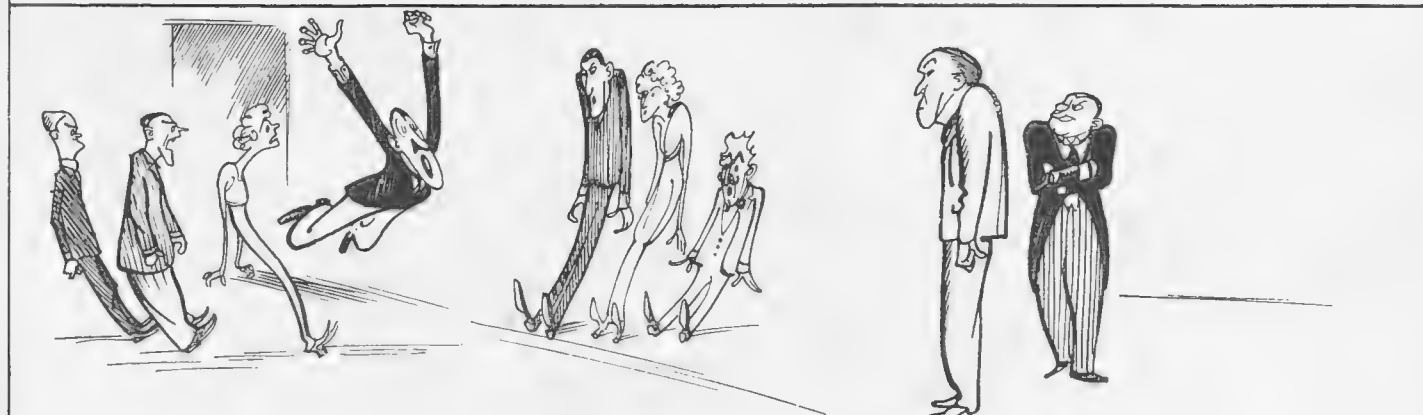
"ALTHOUGH I'M JIM THE PENMAN, I'VE A VERY TENDER HEART": MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL AS JAMES RALSTON—AND MR. FISHER WHITE AS BARON HARTFELDT.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

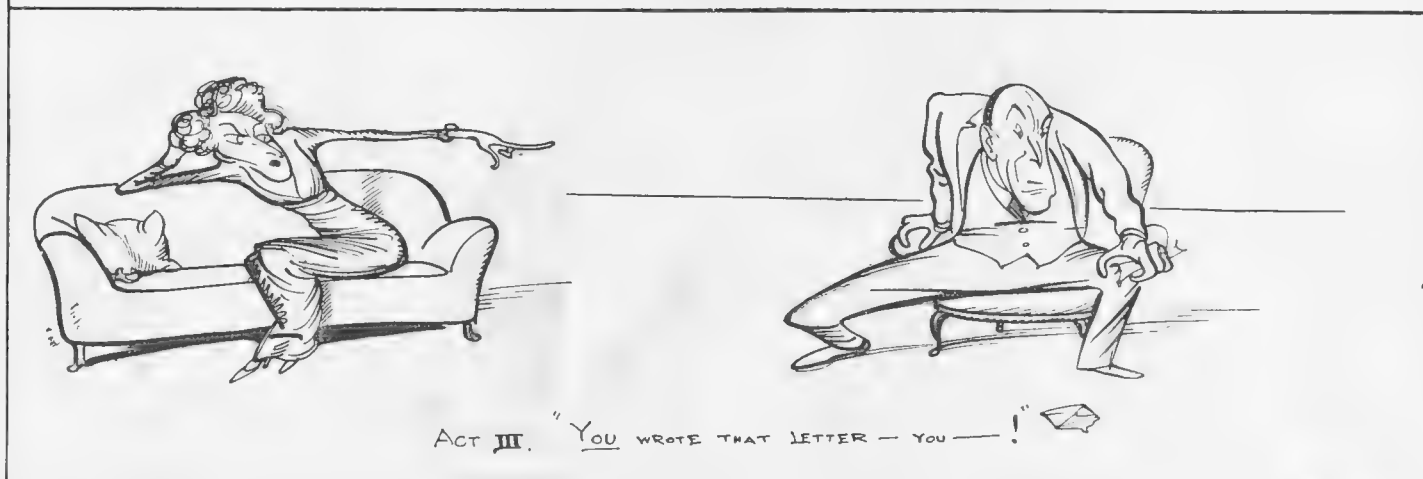
BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "JIM THE PENMAN."



ACT I. THE DETECTIVE SLEEPS



ACT II. "SOMEONE HAS BAGGED ALL MY MAGNIFICENT DIAMONDS !!!"



ACT III. "YOU WROTE THAT LETTER - YOU -!"



ACT IV. "STAND BACK, I SAY, - HE'S DEAD!"

H. M. BATEMAN. 1913.

THE RETURN OF MELODRAMA: THE GREAT THRILLS OF FOUR ACTS AT THE COMEDY.

Sir Charles Young's famous melodrama, "Jim the Penman," is enjoying a most successful revival at the Comedy in a somewhat revised form. It was produced originally at the Haymarket in March 1886.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR.

ON the Fourth of July the American Ambassador shook hands with all comers from 4 p.m. to 6 p.m. He did it heartily; the grip was still hard at the end of the afternoon. He has now sampled the various pains and pleasures of his office; and he has made good. But in anticipation the hand-shaking had seemed formidable. "Is there no way out?" he asked one of the permanent staff. "Am I not excused, being homeless?" But the permanency gave him no encouragement. "Very good; let it be at Claridge's," decided Dr. Page. "It's true it's Independence Day—but not for me."

The New Leaf.

Dr. Page knows enough of the world to know that it will have its way. He couldn't skip the Fourth; he can't skip any of the regular social engagements. During his first week in London he may have shocked rather more than was necessary the conventional London American, who, in any case, was a trifle downcast at the end of the sumptuous régime at Dorchester House. The new Ambassador, for the first week, was careful to have it understood that he was hardly an Ambassador at all; that he would skip the Fourth if he could, that he never remembered faces, that he was looking for a house in Fulham, that he had no small-talk. That was his way of starting at the beginning. He did not want to seem to be setting himself up as another Whitelaw Reid—without money. To have started right in with a smaller and second-rate Dorchester House, with a less accomplished chef, a slower motor, and hardly any friends, would have been the worst sort of policy. That is why he upset the old tradition as quickly as he could. He is an Ambassador in his own right; not a pinchbeck version of the old. He turned a new page.

Prophecy in a Muddle.

His record is golden only in good fame. There is comparatively little money in it. Born on August 15 fifty-eight years ago, he has spent, as he puts it, roughly fifty years in the business of publishing and editing. That summary allows no time for schooling, of which, as a matter of fact, he got more than usually goes to the unlettered class, the men of letters. At the Randolph-Macon College, of Virginia, and, later, at the Johns Hopkins University, he learned about men and books, about the books that needed publishing and the men who would read them. He learned, too, about Woodrow Wilson. He and the President each discovered the other at the Johns Hopkins University. Their last words, when they went their ways from their college rooms, are reported by Dr. Page: "When I am President, Woodrow, you shall go as Ambassador to London."

"Too Many of You." To anybody familiar with Dr. Page's admirably unexpected touch in journalism, that report rings true—of Dr. Page's touch. There is very

little independent evidence that he had political ambitions. As a member of the publishing firm of Doubleday, Page, and Co., he was wrapped up in such things as author's royalties, the set of a title-page, remainders, and, incidentally, literature and economics. For a time, as literary adviser to Houghton, Mifflin, and Co., he was more or less absorbed in Letters pure and simple, but his chief field was to be a bigger one—or bigger according to the stressful standards of a teeming continent. As the editor of the New York *World's Work* he was in touch with something more insistent than the stylists can or care to cope with. The *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Forum* were also in his hands. In coming to England he comes to a country that possesses no magazine of answering vigour. He left the magazines behind him. Having accepted the appointment, he threw them over without a regret. "I have quit," he said to his fellow-editors a few days before he left New York; "I have quit. I view your ranks from outside. And now I see what is wrong with you—there are too many of you."

The Ex-Editor.

It is, then, not as an editor on a holiday that we must view Dr. Page. He may pretend to be rather shaky about his new job, but, for all that, it is out-and-out his job. "How in heaven's name did he get it?" asked the toastmaster at the farewell banquet given him by two hundred American publishers. Being a good editor, he seemed to them to be an editor and nothing more. But Woodrow Wilson was already outside the circle. He could see that there were too many editors, and he withdrew the best of them—his friend.

The House and the Son.

For the moment, Mr. Choate's immortal remark to the policeman in Trafalgar Square holds good. The man in blue found a disconsolate figure leaning over the parapet of one of the fountains. "Now then, you get along home!" "I have no home—I'm the American Ambassador," was the answer. It was the perfect reproof—though lodged, perhaps, in the wrong quarter—to the nation that finds no lodgings for its representatives. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, on the other hand, showed how insignificant the burden of a rent seemed to him by taking the costliest house in Park Lane—or Labour Lane, as he called it when he was spending the week-end at Wrest Park. Dr. Page will return to the more humble sort of abode associated with the period at which Lowell was writing his essay "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners." But, wherever he is, he will meet with the goodwill of London, and with manners, let us hope, as well-intentioned, if not as perfectly courteous, as his own. His bearing is built on the best American tradition—easy, kind, and slightly provincial; and his son, who is also his lieutenant at lunch-parties and in the crush of such events as "the Fourth," has already won the right sort of popularity.



DR. WALTER HINES PAGE.

Dr. Walter Hines Page, of Garden City, Long Island, the United States Ambassador to this country, is fifty-eight, a Democrat, and a staunch supporter of President Wilson. He was editor of the "Forum"; then literary adviser to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co., of Boston; then editor of the "Atlantic Monthly"; then editor of the American "World's Work." He is a member of the publishing house of Messrs. Doubleday, Page, and Co.—[Photograph by Paul Thompson.]

RECENTLY GAZETTED: THE NEW PEERESS IN HER OWN RIGHT.



THE HOLDER OF A TITLE REVIVED AFTER BEING IN ABEYANCE FOR OVER A CENTURY.
BARONESS FURNIVALL.

It was announced not long ago in the "London Gazette" that, in pursuance of his decision made public a while ago, the King had declared by Letters Patent that the Hon. Mary Frances Katherine Petre should take the title of Baroness Furnivall. The Barony thus revived has been in abeyance since the death of Edward Duke of Norfolk in 1777. His niece, Anne Howard, was the wife of the ninth Baron Petre, and, at the Duke's death, became co-heir to a number of baronies, including that of Furnivall. The new Baroness, who makes the nineteenth peeress of the United Kingdom in her own right, was born in 1900. She is a daughter of the fourteenth Baron Petre, who married, in 1899, Audrey, daughter of the Rev. William Robinson Clark, formerly Vicar of Taunton and Prebendary of Wells, and Professor of Philosophy in Trinity College, Toronto. The Petres are a Roman Catholic family. Their Essex seat, Ingestone Hall, is the scene of Miss Braddon's famous novel, "Lady Audley's Secret." Both the fourteenth and fifteenth Barons Petre died in 1908. The present (and sixteenth) Baron is in the Coldstream Guards.—[*Photograph by Rita Martin.*]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE Queen consented to go to Bedford College without any illusions as to its politics. The

Principal, Miss Tuke, must not be confused with the militant lady who bears the same name, but she is in no doubt about women's right to the vote, and she has the great majority of her staff with her. Bedford College, however, is law-abiding almost to a woman; and only because it was felt that the small element of militancy could be quelled by the general feeling of the College was it thought that her Majesty would be allowed to

come and go without being annoyed by fluttering leaflets or a lifted voice. Moreover, it was argued in the internal councils of the College that Queen Mary would be welcome even among the extremists. Her inquiry after Miss Davison when the Derby Suffragette lay on the point of death touched even the stony hearts of the W.S.P.U.

Queen Mary's Discrimination.

Queen Mary's decision to

honour the opening of the new Bedford College with her presence proved her Majesty's independence of judgment. "Women—Suffragettes! Leave them alone," is, for the time being, the semi-official attitude towards any feminine corporation. The Queen does not give her sanction to that offhand method. Her disapproval of the law-breakers, which is stronger than any other feeling she entertains on the subject, does not lead her into any sweeping or haphazard dealing with the multitude of claims upon her time and attention, although many of these are merely endeavours to persuade her Majesty to give support to functions which have the cause, in various disguises, at heart. But not once has she been taken off her guard, nor given her tempestuous sisters any opening for a declaration in her presence. The King is less cautious. "Any Suffragettes here?" he asked, with a laugh, when the nursing staff of a great hospital was introduced to him. "All of us, except the matron," volunteered one of the rank-and-file; and it was only the matron who felt she had been given away.

The New Sun Spots.

None of the girls who

make a dance interesting failed Lady Salisbury. Arlington Street was the rendezvous last week for the Princess Royal and the Duchess of Fife, Lady Diana Manners, Lady Bridget

TO MARRY MISS ELSIE B. HUNTINGTON TO-MORROW (JULY 10): CAPT. CHARLES R. G. MAYNE.

Captain Mayne, of the Highland Light Infantry, is Military Secretary to the Sirdar. The wedding is to take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

Photograph by Barnett.



Coke, Lady Mabel Ogilvy, Miss Monica Grenfell, Lady Moyra Cavendish, Lady Honor Ward, and dozens more equally popular. They had mostly taken tea that afternoon at Henley; and a scarlet



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN H. J. DELVES BROUGHTON: MISS VERA BOSCAWEN.

Miss Boscawen is the younger daughter of Mr. Trevor Boscawen, of Trevelyn Hall, Rossett, North Wales, and is of an ancient Welsh family. She is a keen follower of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn's Hounds. Captain Delves Broughton is the eldest son of Sir Delves Broughton, tenth Baronet.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN JAMES L. G. BURNETT TO-MORROW (JULY 10): MISS SYBIL CROZIER-SMITH.

Miss Crozier-Smith is the younger daughter of the late Mr. William Crozier-Smith, of Whitehill, St. Boswells, Roxburghshire. Captain Burnett, of the Gordon Highlanders, is the elder son of Sir Thomas Burnett, of Leys, twelfth Baronet.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



TO MARRY THE HON. CECIL H. WINN TO-MORROW (JULY 10): MISS IRIS DARLEY, OF THE BROW, MALTON, YORKS.

Mr. Winn is the younger brother of Lord St. Oswald, and was born in 1866.

Photograph by Lillie Charles.

V-shaped patch of sunburn at the neck told of days of sun and a prevalent fashion in blouses.

Big Breaks.

It was thought that Lady Salisbury's dance, coming as it did after more than half a season of shining opportunities, would be followed by the announcement of two or three engagements. Two, in particular, have been on the tip of impatient Society tongues for the last month. Cowes will probably clinch the arguments that failed in Arlington Street. So far, the season is famous only for broken bargains. No less interesting in its own way than the munificent contract of estrangement between Lord Northampton and Miss Daisy Markham is the more recent news that the marriage arranged between Lord Hertford and Mrs. Moss-cocke will not take place.

On the River.

Lord Desborough, as a sort of Honorary Custodian of the National Fair Play, is always busy in the season of sport. To Henley he brings, besides a conscience, a passionate interest in the River. Any water, at a pinch, is good enough for him; failing other bathing, he once swam across Niagara, and repeated the performance in the academic spirit which, instead of the competitive, governs most of his own athleticism. But the Thames is dearer to him than any of the many streams he has sampled in and out; and this year, in particular, he has dedicated to the river of his choice. Most of his time of late has been spent in the preparation of his book, "The Thames."

The Crabbet Sale.

The Arabs who brought down the house at Olympia have left

people wondering why the Row is so conservative in the matter of mounts. Mr. Cunninghame Graham is one of the few regular riders who has the courage of an unconventional taste in horseflesh. Perhaps he and his Arab will not be allowed to hold a monopoly much longer. This is a sale-year at Crabbet Park; and Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, who usually finds that his best animals are bought by Indian princes, Colonial governors, and Americans, may see the home bidder conspicuous on July 22. For many people, however, the horses are not the whole attraction of a Crabbet Sale. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt himself is a figure, picturesque enough to save man from the reproach of looking decidedly the inferior animal when it is a question of comparing horses and horse-dealers.



TO MARRY SIR PHILIP L. BROCKLEHURST, Bt., TO - DAY (JULY 9): MISS GWLADYS GOSTLING-MURRAY.

Miss Gostling-Murray is the youngest daughter of the late Colonel Gostling-Murray and of Mrs. Gostling-Murray, of Whitten Park, Hounslow, and The Moat, Charing.

Photograph by Lambert Weston.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN CHARLES R. G. MAYNE, D.S.O., TO-MORROW (JULY 10): MISS ELSIE B. HUNTINGTON.

Miss Huntington is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. W. B. Huntington, D.L., of Blackmore Park, Worcester, and 143, Piccadilly.

Photograph by Barnett.

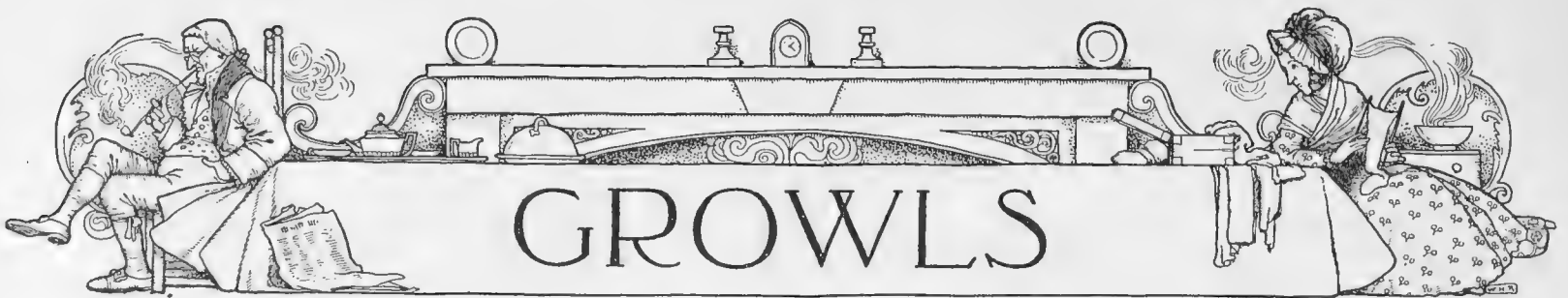
BRING YOUR OWN LAWN! LIVING CARPETS OF GRASS.



1. LIVING GRASS WORN AS A CLOAK: A BOY SHOWING HOW THE CARPET OF GRASS CAN BE CARRIED ABOUT WITH EASE.
3. LAYING A PIECE OF LIVING CARPET, WHICH HAD BEEN CONVEYED OVER 1000 MILES: SETTING A PIECE OF THE GRASS IN PLACE UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF MR. J. MACDONALD.
5. LAID DOWN IN A DAY: A PERMANENT LAWN OF GRASS-CARPET.

2. CARRIED AS A RUG MIGHT BE CARRIED: A LENGTH OF LIVING GRASS-CARPET ON ITS WAY TO BE LAID DOWN AS PART OF A PERMANENT LAWN.
4. LITERALLY TEA ON THE LAWN: A PIECE OF GRASS-CARPET USED AS A TABLE-CLOTH.
6. SHOWING THE EASE WITH WHICH THE GRASS IS HANDLED: LAYING DOWN A SECTION OF THE CARPET.

By an ingenious system of his own invention, Mr. J. MacDonald, of Harpenden, who is seen (in a straw hat) in the third photograph, grows grass on such a foundation that what may be called the resultant grass-carpet can be handled just as easily as can an ordinary carpet or rug. The living carpet is laid down in sections, either as a temporary lawn or to make a permanent lawn. In the latter case, the foundation of the carpet mixes with the earth, and, being a valuable plant-food, nourishes the young grass. A lawn can be laid in a day. Two lengths of the carpet will make a cricket-pitch.—[Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.]



THE INACCESSIBILITY OF APPENDICITIS: A LIFE'S AMBITION.

IMAGINE there are few of us who do not persistently harbour in their bosoms an aspiration of some sort or other. This man yearns for the day when his fortune shall be assessed at five figures; that man longs for a happy fireside with prattling infants crawling over him; while another, more modest in his requirements, craves to win to a seat in the British House of Commons; and each is perfectly entitled to his desires, however little they may appeal to, and however small the encouragement they may receive from, his friends and connections. And, indeed, the man who is completely satisfied with his lot in life as it is must either be amazingly favoured or else he must be a poor-spirited thing. But there are degrees in the advisability of cherishing a pet ambition. It is all very well when the aspiration is of such a nature that there is some semblance of a possibility of its ultimately being realised; but many of us do not pick and choose with a sufficient niceness of discrimination; and woe betide those—and their name is legion—who select the inevitably unattainable for their objective, for no condition can be less enviable than that of the man who is permanently obsessed by a roseate dream which can never by any earthly chance come true. For years I have grappled to my soul with hoops of steel one wistful hope, and all the time I have been chilly convinced that the day of its materialisation will never dawn. There is nothing to be said against my ewe-lamb of an ambition on the grounds of morality, legality, or propriety. No one could ever call it overweening, or accuse me of asking too much of the Fates; indeed, I think there are few will say that I am too exacting when I tell them that my one great desire in life is to arrive at such a pecuniary position as will enable me to afford an attack of appendicitis.

The Exact Situation.

It will readily be understood that I am inspired by no feverish anxiety to be assailed by this insidious complaint. For some it may possess the attraction of fashionableness, but I am above, or beneath, such lures, and I would rather stay for ever outside the social pale than extend to the affliction the hand of welcome or the eye of gladness. But what I should like to feel is that, did it ever decide to swoop

his tradesmen, he may avoid being in arrear with his club subscriptions, and he may even indulge himself in divers minor luxuries, but there are some luxuries which are beyond him, and foremost amongst these are a racing-stable, a steam-yacht, and appendicitis. I will not deny that there are ways of dealing with the intruder more or less



FIVE O'CLOCK ON THE THAMES: TEA SUPPLIED BY THE "SUN-BONNET" TEA-BOAT, AT AN AMATEUR REGATTA.

Photograph by Sport and General.

inexpensively, but that is just what I wish to avoid. Over and above a general belief in the adage which tells us that a thing worth doing is worth doing well, I cannot bring myself to place implicit confidence in an operator who will "do the job" for thirty guineas when there is a man in the next street who can regularly extort a hundred for doing precisely the same thing. Something tells me that he cannot be equally efficient, or he would be able to mulct me in the higher amount.

A Glint of Hope. But the fee for the actual operation is but a part of the expense entailed. You will be told that it is more than advisable that you should enter a certain nursing home where the weekly charge is frightful, and where the extras are innumerable, and this, added to the loss of time incurred, makes the position positively tragic. For the pauper all is plain sailing. He just pops into a hospital, and there all the resources of modern medical science are his for the asking. For the millionaire, of course, the sailing is equally plain. But for the man whose means may be hyperbolically described as moderate, the situation is an appalling one to tackle. I rejoice to see that a movement has been started by the indefatigable Mr. H. E. Morgan to remedy the present injustice, and that an influential committee, headed by the Earl of Plymouth, is taking the matter in hand with a view to mitigating, at any rate, the after-expenses by the erection of "hotel-hospitals," which will allow of the patient resuming life after his recovery with a few pennies still left in his pouch. I am watching the movement with a gloomy interest, for it is far from pleasant to contemplate the arrival of a day when one is face to face with the unalluring alternative of being carved on the cheap or of being ruined for life. Neither of these is consistent with my conception of self-respect, and until something definite is done to remove this blot from our modern civilisation, I shall continue to be harassed by the dreadful thought that, wherever I go, a cold and callous world is pointing the finger of scorn at me as one who, in spite of many amiable characteristics, is yet unable to afford appendicitis. **MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.**



PREACHING TO THE RIVER MAN AND THE RIVER GIRL: A THAMES-SIDE SERVICE. The Bishop of London has organised river services for those who go boating on Sundays. The first of these was held recently on the lawn at Hampton. The Rev. Everard Digby preached, and the London Diocesan Orchestra supplied the music.—[Photograph by Partridge.]

down upon me, I should have a balance at my bank that would permit of my dealing with it in a fashion that would do me credit. And that is no easy matter. The person who lives by his pen, and at the same time has other interests in life, does well if he can succeed in making both ends meet. He may remain on amicable terms with

PEOPLE TO WHOM WE HOPE WE ARE ALTOGETHER SUPERIOR !



XXI.—THE MAN WHO MEANS TO ALL THE TIME.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



THE COUNTESS AND THE COWBOY.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

NO, amiable readers, I did not see him. Not even in a dream, as he appeared to my good friend "Percival" of the *Referee*.

I make it a point never to dream of the President of the Republic—you knew it was he I meant all along, did you not? When I do dream it is of quite a different type of man. You are aware that you can pretty surely order in advance the sort of dream you would like to have by thinking of him (the construction of that phrase sounds faulty, somehow), by thinking of him hard and tenderly—both—the last thing at night, after you have turned off the electric light, and let the novel you don't like being seen with in the daylight slide down the counterpane. I have just been talking to an American—no, I did not mean . . . but he told me such funny yarns of his first visit to Paris that I am a little dizzy. A good laugh has on me the same effect as champagne. I wonder if I could re-tell to you in my own austere fashion the mildest of those stories without spoiling its fun.

To begin with, my American friend is a good man, with a good heart and good to look upon. My friend, besides having knocked a good deal in the world and being knocked by it, has, for women, the American man's charming reverence. That is how and why, being, a few weeks ago, lonely and purposeless, taking a cup of tea at a very famous hotel in Paris, his heart warmed up suddenly under the kindly gaze of two pairs of beautiful eyes at the table next to his. My friend is a modest man, but, as I have said, he is good to look upon, and must be accustomed to be gazed at kindly by feminine eyes. He was therefore not very much surprised when the gaze melted into a smile, and that when he got up, having finished his tea, the two ladies happened to have finished theirs at the same time. He was not very much surprised, either, that one of the ladies should drop her sunshade just where and when he could pick it up for her. She thanked him prettily, and remarked how gallant Englishmen were.

"I am not English," said he, "but American."

"The same thing," answered airily the lady of the sunshade; upon this she added how hot Paris was, and how much cooler it would be if they went for a drive in the Bois, which it was, while the friendship between the trio followed the reverse course! My friend introduced himself, and was not a little chagrined that the ladies did not do the same. His soul was soon soothed, however, for the second lady, the sunshadeless one, whispered in his ear that the reason why her friend did not disclose her name was that that

name was one of the oldest and most famous in France. In fact, she was the Countess of (shall we say?) *Trois Etoiles*. My friend was pleased and gratified to see how simple and affable French countesses were; still more gratified was he when she charmingly invited him to come and have tea at her flat. "What day?"



AT THE BAPTISM OF THE LATEST CHILD OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN: THE PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS, HEIR TO THE THRONE; AND HIS BROTHER, THE INFANTE JAIME, IN THE GROUNDS OF LA GRANJA.

Photograph by Luis R. Marin.

queried he. "This evening," she answered. "But you said for tea!" "Well, yes, we'll have tea at ten o'clock. There will be a few other friends of mine, the Marquise *Unetelle* and her daughters, and the young Baron of *Jenesaisqui*. Do come!"

At a quarter past ten the American arrived at the Countess's flat. She received him alone and explained that none of her friends had been able to come. She apologised for receiving him so much in *négligé*. She wore a silk kimono and—well, a kimono, saying that, as he was late, she had thought he would not come now, and she was just going to bed when he rang. He apologised for the quarter of an hour he had lost, and suggested he should go away and call at some other time, which seemed to amuse the lady very much. She would not hear of it, and offered him half of the sofa upon which she was sitting. The American said how rejoiced he was that his visit to London should coincide with that of her President of the Republic.

"Yes?" said the Countess, yawning a little.

The American said that Paris was the most interesting city in the world.

"Yes?" said the Countess, yawning a little more.

The American said that in some parts of Paris he could imagine himself in Broadway, so thick were his countrymen.

"Oh, yes," said the Countess, stretching her arms a little above her head.

Upon which the American, having victoriously accomplished half-an-hour of polite and painful French conversation, added that he observed the Countess was tired, and that he would now go. And he did.

On the landing, and even on the stairs, the Countess, like a *Kimono'd Fury* cried invectives at his retreating figure.

"Say," asked of me my American friend in his gentle, innocent, and injured tone, "have you heard of the Countess of *Trois Etoiles*?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "though your description does not fit the one I know."

"Do you happen to know whether there is madness in the family? She complained, among other things, that I had 'wasted her time'; but it was she asked me to call, and it was she asked me to stay. She may be a Countess, but she is not a lady!"

"I don't think she is either," I said.



WITH THE INFANTE ALVARO, ELDER SON OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS ALFONSO; THE INFANTAS BEATRIZ AND MARIA CHRISTINA IN THE GROUNDS OF LA GRANJA.

The King and Queen of Spain have five children: the Infante Alfonso, Prince of the Asturias, the heir to the throne, who was born in May 1907; the Infante Jaime, who was born in June 1908; the Infanta Beatriz, born in June 1909; the Infanta Maria Christina, born in December 1911; and the Infante Juan, born the other day. The Infante Alvaro is the elder son of Prince Alfonso, Infante of Spain, who, in 1909, married Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. [Photograph by Luis R. Marin.]

KILL THAT FLY!



THE DINER: Hi, Waiter! What's that beastly thing up there?

THE WAITER: That, Sir? That's a joy-wheel for flies, Sir.

DRAWN BY A. F. WOOLRICH



ROBERT FULTON: WOULD-BE DESTROYER OF THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH NAVIES.*

Artist and Inventor of War Engines.

When the subject of this interesting memoir left his native America for England he came as a painter of miniatures. As a painter, he travelled to Powderham Castle, Lord Courtenay's beautiful seat on the bank of the Exe, and in Devonshire,

while still in the early thirties, he designed a mill for sawing marble near Torbay; he started a system of canal construction, and thought out a project for moving ships by steam. Only twice afterwards did he seriously turn to his first craft. They were moments of pressing need. Once, when hard up in Paris, he attempted some portrait-painting as a source of livelihood denied to him by his inventions; and again, wanting money to further his designs, he conceived the idea of the panorama, which was surely the cinematograph of his day. He painted and erected it in a Parisian boulevard; it represented the burning of Moscow—the pre-Napoleonic one, for Napoleon was then but First Consul—and all Paris streamed past the show. It was canals that in the first place took Fulton to Paris. The Revolution had destroyed private rights over them, and much public work was in progress. But Bonaparte was in no mood for canals. A

hot on the heels of the inventor. Seventy miles had Fulton done in his cockleshell, making important discoveries as he went: plunging and rising, noting his compass as true beneath the water as above, and only baulked of blowing up some English brigs by warnings sent from a very up-to-date British Admiralty to ships upon the station. He had at least the pleasure of seeing them run. But Fulton's brilliant invention was only hand-impelled. It awaited a motor-power. It had to await it many years; and Napoleon, realising its incompleteness, dropped the *Nautilus* after that grant.

On England's Side.

At this moment, as Fulton was once again turning his mind to steam navigation, the very up-to-date British Admiralty, thinking him preferable as friend rather than as enemy, got him across the Channel. Doubtless, as Mr. Dickinson suggests, Napoleon's move from First Consul to Emperor was a blow to his idealism. And he returned to England to find us in the throes of a great terror—the terror of a Napoleonic invasion! The Navy, from St. Vincent down, mistrusted Mr. Fulton's methods. It was not gentlemanly,

it was not hitting from the shoulder. If we commanded the seas, the great Earl maintained, we did not want such weapons; in the hands of smaller navies they would destroy our superiority of numbers; therefore, away with them. But Pitt thought it worth while. Indeed, he thought it worth while up to a very generous tune. Still, opinion was against the navigable submarine, and Fulton worked on another method. He kept to his bombs, or "carcasses," which the *Nautilus* was built to carry, but the submarine explosive was to be towed by a "catamaran." Two parallel planks of wood, with a bar between, on which sat a brave tar to paddle, retiringly dressed, and ready to duck at intervals, towed the bomb down with the tide to the enemy's ship, attached it to the cable, and paddled back again. There was a flotilla in Boulogne Harbour watching its chance of descending on our south coast; and Robert Fulton proposed to destroy it by this plan of torpedo-attack. But the first attempt resulted in nothing worse than the destruction of one French pinnace with her crew of twenty-one men; and a second one had no better success. Then came Trafalgar, and England was her old confident self again; the new Cabinet, feeling very safe, naturally opposed such un-English methods of warfare, and Fulton exceedingly well paid, considering,

with one-fourth of what he had stipulated for, retired to America. There he built the first practicable steamer and the first steam-propelled war-ship. And the two Legislatures went into black when he died, and did him all the honour that a Republic may. Mr. Dickinson's book, which is technical enough to please the engineer, and human enough to delight the unmathematical, tells all this, and much more, to both pleasure and profit. It sets the seal on the Fulton Centenary celebrations.



BEATEN BY HER SISTER, LADY JULIAN PARR, IN THE SEMI-FINALS OF THE LADIES' CROQUET CHAMPIONSHIP; LADY MARCIA JOCELYN.

Lady Marcia Jocelyn is the younger daughter of the Earl of Roden. She was born in 1891.

Photograph by Sport and General.

long letter which Fulton addressed to him on the subject bore no fruit. And then, Fulton bent to the spirit of his time and considered engines of war. It is delightful to read between the lines of Mr. Dickinson's story—or rather, between the lines of Fulton's own correspondence. He was a bit of an idealist, a free-trader—above all, an ardent peace-lover. And therefore, when he constructed a "Machine which flattens me with much hope of being Able to Annihilate their [the English] Navy"—a machine which civilised nations shrank from using as being too brutal and villainous—he accompanied his detailed reports of it to the French Government with the theory that, our Navy once destroyed, Republicanism would assert itself in England also, the seas would become free, and eternal peace be guaranteed to all maritime nations!

Fulton's Submarine.

His "Machine" was a submarine, no less, and after many disappointments Bonaparte was again approached. The affair impressed him more favourably than canals. "I give the order to put to your account the sum of 10,000 francs," wrote Forfait, the Minister of Marine, for the "armament, the equipment, and the dispatch of the *Nautilus*." For the *Nautilus* had already been built; she had been launched on the Seine; she had done her trials at Havre, and the panoramas of the Boulevard had supplied the sinews of war. Already Fulton could write that "navigation under water is an operation whose possibility is proved, and it can be said that a new series of ideas have just been born as to the means for preventing naval wars": which shows the idealist



WINNER OF A CLAY-BIRD SHOOTING MATCH BETWEEN TWO LADIES: MRS. GROSVENOR, OF THE MIDDLESEX GUN CLUB.

At the recent Open Championship Meeting on the Middlesex Gun Club grounds, Hendon, under the auspices of the Clay-Bird Shooting Association, there was a match between two ladies—Mrs. Grosvenor, of the Middlesex Gun Club, and Mrs. Surgens, of Belgium. The rivals shot at ten birds down the line. Mrs. Grosvenor broke five "clays" to her opponent's four.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.



WINNER OF THE LADIES' CROQUET CHAMPIONSHIP, AT ROEHAMPTON: LADY JULIAN PARR, WHO BEAT MISS H. CLUNIE DALE IN THE FINAL.

Lady Julian Parr is the elder daughter of the Earl of Roden. Her marriage to Mr. Roger Charlton Parr took place in 1906. She was born in 1885.

Photograph by Sport and General.

* "Robert Fulton, Engineer and Artist." By H. W. Dickinson. (The Bodley Head; 2s. 6d.).

EXCLAMATION MARKS JUSTIFIED !



AN ECONOMY OF EXPLETIVES.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE COURTSHIP OF MR. BENNETT.

By CHARLES DAWBARN.

THE little restaurant was crowded, but Harry S. Bennett managed to find a place—a little table near the wall. He was glad to be there because of the peace and quiet of the place—glad, also, because of the nearness to a neighbour who singularly attracted him. Yes; she was certainly pretty, and more than pretty. There was something extremely pleasing about her face. The drooping eye-lashes fell on pale and well-formed cheeks, and the pallor was accompanied by a little air of abstraction which became her well. Her costume possessed the delicacy of arrangement and exquisite taste that characterise Parisian *chic*, be the wearer duchess or work-girl. He supposed her to be between the two: one of the “artistic proletariat,” to use a cant phrase.

But the clothes were not expensive. He had not been a student in Paris for nothing. His eyes had been opened to the niceties of feminine toilet. He observed the slightly worn collar and the clothes that were lacking a little in freshness. “There is soul in her face,” he thought, as he gazed at her, rather too insistently for absolute politeness. Under the shaded electric light, the face looked beautiful with the pallor of the Parisienne. She seemed so pure, so fragile, so spiritual. The clear eyes, the delicate nose, the expressive mouth were adorably framed by the brown hair peeping from beneath the broad-brimmed hat.

Over the *potage* and the *cotelette*, he fell to thinking retrospectively. Ten years before, he had lived in Paris as a student of the Beaux Arts. It was pleasant to find himself back again in this beautiful city, where the air seemed to excite to artistic creation. The years spent in the strenuous activity of New York had not obliterated those happy student days in the Latin Quarter. He was not “typically American,” if by that is meant an inordinate love of dollars. Certainly he wanted to succeed—he was succeeding, in fact; but there were other things in life besides the mere gathering of shekels—other things. Instinctively, he looked towards the slim little figure so engrossed in her book. Curiosity made him glance at the pages. It was Molière. The sight gave him a good deal of pleasure. It showed a cultivated mind, he thought, this fondness for a classic. If she was conscious of his scrutiny, she gave no sign of it. He would have resented the least imputation on his gallantry, but the temptation to look again and again at her possessed him. Though pleased to resume touch with Paris, he felt lonely there.

The absence of his Muse one afternoon from the restaurant, which he visited regularly, struck him with a chill insistence. “Oh, you mean the tall blonde, Mlle. Irma,” the waitress said when he inquired for her; “she is a little *souffrante*; she has a cold.” With that he had to be content, but it was not long before his patience was rewarded. When she appeared, she looked a little pale and languid, as if the delicate frame had been shaken by the experience of the sick-room. He would have liked to express sympathy, but could find no legitimate excuse.

It gave him a strange comfort to see her sitting day after day at the little table, just as unconscious as ever. Bennett felt, indeed, an absurd elation. It was a gage for the future—or so it seemed to him—an alluring prospect of peace. But no encouragement had flashed from the eyes that were intently reading another booklet. It was Molière again: “Le Médecin Malgré Lui.”

The uncertainty was killing him—killing the repose of mind that he needed for the completion of a thousand projects, artistic and professional. How could he give his attention to these problems when—yet; as he looked across at her, he realised that this delightful creature was little more than a work-girl: a saleswoman in the Rue de la Paix, the proprietress of the restaurant had called her. She was no princess, certainly, no dowered dame with furs and silks such as one sees stepping, with lofty insouciance, from her automobile of an afternoon in the business streets of Paris.

On this particular evening, he had emerged from the restaurant at the same hour as she, and he noted the trim little figure as it proceeded towards the Nord-Sud to take the homeward train. It made him think of Cinderella returning from the ball. Probably she had been working amongst wonderful material all day: brilliant

ivory satins and rich brocaded silks—all the treasures of the cave of splendours whence emerge the wonders of the Rue de la Paix. It was pouring with rain. Bennett offered his umbrella until she should reach the station, two hundred yards away. She blushed and said, with perfect politeness, but with quiet decision: “Merci, Monsieur.” He knew there was a type of man who would have insisted, but he was not that type—and he was glad when he saw her grateful yet regretful smile, which seemed to say: “Je regrette beaucoup—mais vous savez, c’est impossible.”

Though rebuffed, Bennett was not cast down. He resolved to try again. On the second occasion, she did not refuse the protection of the umbrella, but, with a grateful little smile, allowed Bennett to hold it over her until they arrived at the Tube station. With a pretty little smile she thanked him, but her words were banal enough: “Merci, Monsieur, vous êtes trop aimable.” Bennett felt more than encouraged to continue his efforts to know her better. He thanked his stars for that changeable Parisian weather—the fortunate rain which floated his own barque. “Perhaps she will buy an umbrella,” he thought, with grim humour.

Happily, he was no longer dependent upon the weather for progress in his *affaire de cœur*. Indeed, the sun seemed always to be shining as he sat close to her in the restaurant, and a smile of acknowledgment passed between them. The friendship ripened naturally, and it was Bennett’s great consolation in the days of waiting in Paris for the conclusion of the business that would send him back to America. It was sad to say good-bye when the moment came for severance from his charming companion. Life was so pleasantly understood in France. There was no time for tenderness in America, no time for the cultivation of the little white flower of sentiment.

“How kind you have been to me,” she said on the last evening. “I shall always remember your delicacy,” and there was a tremor in her voice. And, indeed, it was true, for Bennett had insisted on helping her to the realisation of a secret aspiration. Irma had a delightful voice, warm and flexible in its tones and range; but it was quite untrained. “Que voulez-vous?” It cost money to take lessons, and where was it to come from? No, it was no good, she must be content with her career in the Rue de la Paix, with its limited horizon and the practical certainty that, when the period of her youth was past, she would be required no longer. These things Bennett learnt, little by little, in his conversations with the girl; and, with true American enterprise, set about conquering the obstacles.

Why should she not take lessons? The girl was wide-eyed with amazement. But where and how? True, all Americans were millionaires—Irma had the opinions of her class on this subject—but Bennett did not seem to be the typical American; he wore such simple clothes, with not even a watch-chain! This good, solid, kindly nephew of Uncle Sam was, then, a sort of fairy prince, she felt sure, one of those who took compassion upon poor girls and made them into princesses. And she laughed in her excitement.

It was one evening, after he had gone to her home in the Rue Lepic (that winds so picturesquely up the hill of Montmartre) that he developed the great plan. He found himself in Montmartre that evening, and was looking about him to discover a certain curiosity shop where he could buy a saddle-back carpet for his mother’s flat in New York. And as he passed up the Rue Lepic, he encountered Irma standing at her own door in conversation with a woman of youngish middle-age, belonging, evidently, to the small shop-keeping class—a fact further proclaimed by the circumstance that she was standing at the door of a small emporium, where groceries were sold, as well as an odd assortment of stationery. Irma gave him a pleased smile of recognition. “Ma mère,” she said in presenting the elder woman. And with the hospitality of the *petite bourgeoisie*, Mme. Dumont asked him to enter the little shop, which was Irma’s home, and rest awhile.

He stayed to dinner at the invitation of Mme. Dumont and her husband, a worthy man in the peaked cap and blouse of the Gas

[Continued overleaf.]

Those Who Beat Us!

VI.—To begin with, I object to my opponent not having a caddie, and I can't stand waiting while he potters about. I loathe looking for his ball, and I hate a man in a red coat. He got me hopping mad—and then!!!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.

Company, and very gay it was: Over the coffee and the little *verre de cognac*, Bennett developed the great plan. He was deeply interested in Irma, he said, and was struck with the beautiful quality of her voice, which he had heard one evening as she had sat with him in the Bois de Boulogne, and had sung with sweetness and expression some of the old songs of France. He was anxious for her to take lessons with his friend Signor Sigma, and would leave funds for that purpose.

Naturally, the two were full of this project as they said good-bye on the evening that was fated to be their last for some time to come. Bennett felt regret and, perhaps, a tinge of apprehension. He did not conceal from himself the rather hopeless character of his passion. He was nearly forty and she was scarcely more than half his age. He was leaving her in Paris to embark upon a new and absorbing career, whilst he would be in New York, separated from her by three thousand miles of water. What were the chances of their coming together again?—of being able to pick up the threads of their delightful friendship? No wonder he felt depressed.

"How kind you have been to me," she said—"how delicate!"

"And so you will be sorry to say good-bye?" he insinuated. Irma confessed she would.

"How much I shall miss my kind, kind friend, who has taught me the value of life, and showed me the better way which lies in study and achievement." She said it quite simply, hesitating a little between the words; but Bennett felt the sincerity of the utterance.

All these things came back to him—her actual words, the tone of her voice, after the three years he had spent in America. And now he was coming back, resuming touch with Paris. What a surprise to Irma. He had not breathed a word of his arrival. How delighted she would be to know that he was in the audience at the Opéra Comique, listening to her début. Perhaps he ought to have written to give her warning—but, no, it was so much more amusing, the other way. Bennett felt like a schoolboy engaged in a prank.

He despatched his dinner in some haste, to the scandal of the *maître d'hôtel*, who bitterly reflected that these Americans were impossible. But his impatience was extreme. Within the Opéra Comique he found an atmosphere which corresponded with his own—feverish and full of electricity. And when she had trilled out the wonderful love-song in "Juliet," his ear was captivated and his heart swelled with pride. What applause, what thunderous applause! She came forward smiling, just a little nervous, with the light of victory in her eyes.

He felt awfully proud of her. In love? Yes, in love. It was sweet to think that he had enabled her to triumph to-night, and had given her a profession, which would relieve her and her family from all fear of want.

His curious delicacy prevented him from making his presence known to her at once. He refrained from joining the throng that carried congratulations to her, in between the acts, to the little *loge* littered, as he knew it would be, with photographs, his own, perhaps, among them. He had sent it from New York at her urgent request. No doubt, he reflected, she thinks of me as the good uncle? But, next day, he presented himself at the flat in the Avenue Montaigne, which the young singer had exchanged for her dingy quarters in Montmartre. Bennett felt a strange shyness for the first time in his life; as he ascended to the fifth floor, where Irma was comfortably, if comparatively inexpensively, installed.

How would she receive him after three years? What would be his sensations in the presence of the miracle which had changed the dressmaker into the artiste? But when the moment came, her charm and tact made him forget that he had ever been away. How delightful to find her just the adorable Parisienne of other days, with something added of maturity and sense of power.

Bennett, usually so eloquent, found little to say beyond the compliments which, he feared, must sound ludicrously banal—more especially after the pæan of praise which had been sung in her ears the previous night. And, again, his French seemed strangely stiff and rusty in the interval, and he found himself awkwardly turning the phrases which were needed for the occasion. But she had put him instantly at his ease with the little smile of which she had the secret.

"Dear, dear friend," she said, grasping the outstretched hand, "how wonderful to see you again! And to think you have crossed the broad Atlantic to hear your poor little protégée sing." She laughed, but tears stood in her eyes. Joy and a touching gratitude met and struggled for the mastery. He was conscious of a subtle change in her. Her whole being was illuminated. Some new processes had been at work to change the chemistry of her nature. Was it an absorbing passion? He found himself looking at her with intentness. Was she fancy-free, or did the softness of her expression merely betray her pleasure at seeing an old friend—a man who had certainly. . . . Pooh, a dog-like gratitude! Bennett did not want that sort of sentiment. "Aut Cæsar, aut nullus."

He resolved to discover the secret for himself and know his fate. She had grown immensely during his absence; she was no longer the simple girl of the Rue de la Paix, but had taken on new graces. In training her voice, her educational level had been raised. He was

conscious of a new note of distinction in her, and her manners were irreproachable. What a marvellous change! He hardly recognised in her the young, unformed creature he had left behind, whose acquaintance he had made in the little restaurant near the Madeleine.

A week later found him reflecting on the flight of time. How the days sped. He must be returning to New York, and he had not yet attacked the business of his visit. He dared to hope, and yet dreaded what the reply would be. He thought of the disparity of age. How old was he? Forty—forty-one? He scarcely remembered; and she would be twenty-three—a terrifying margin. How she would lighten, beautify, and rejuvenate the house in New York to which he intended to take her. But his plans were galloping on—it was ridiculous. A difference of nearly twenty years . . . almost old enough to be her father.

On the day when, finally, he took his courage into both hands and asked the eternal question, with a nervousness that seemed like American directness, there were left but a few hours before he sailed. Important business, an imperative client, summoned him back to New York.

"How you honour me," she said in this intimate interview; "how touched I am by your sweetness, your invariable kindness, your noble generosity!"

"Je vous en prie," he protested, confused by the murmur of pretty lips, which he felt in some sort to be the death-knell of his hopes.

"Si, si," she insisted; "I have not said nearly enough to explain my feelings"—and at that moment he experienced a new sinking of the heart. This beautiful creature, whose natural grace and distinction would enable her to take any place in society, was positively stammering and colouring under the ordeal of some excuse and tactful explanation.

He was being let down in the gentlest way; yes, he felt that, with the sensitiveness bred of temperament and intuition.

Her words were: "Give me time and I will examine my heart. I cannot tell you what my feelings are at this moment; I should weep if I were to express my gratitude and my affection for you—you who have been everything to me."

"Affection, gratitude"—how inauspicious the words sounded in his ears. "*Mais ma chère enfant*, how you insist on the gratitude. Believe me, there is no question of that; banish it from your thoughts. And when, to-morrow or the next day, you give me your answer, do not let it weigh with you for a single second. I ask for your love as a free, spontaneous gift, not as a thank-offering." And he laughed—as Figaro did, to prevent the tears.

He hurried to his hotel, after the interview, with no hope in his heart. This exquisite girl, blossoming as a flower, had certainly bestowed her heart elsewhere—was it not natural?

The thought became painful to him. He could bear Paris no longer. To-morrow he would be on the ocean on board the gigantic liner which was to take him back to America. It was on the ocean, when they were already some hours out from Cherbourg, that he dared to break the seal of the little letter which had reached him an hour before he left the hotel—

"Cher Ami,—You who have been my guide and comforter since the day, now more than three years ago, when I had the pleasure—the exquisite happiness—of meeting you, how flattered, how touched I am by the sweet confidence you made to me two days ago. Dear friend, I expected you back—you never came—and now I have the heavy task—"

He did not read more, but thrust the letter into his pocket. Good-bye, romance; good-bye, youth.

When the ship reached Sandy Hook, copies of the *New York Herald* came aboard. Glancing casually at the intelligence from Europe, Bennett came across this item, cabled from Paris: "The engagement is announced of the charming prima-donna 'Irma d'Avant'—her stage name—with Lieutenant de Morel of the Chasseurs Alpins"—and the paragraph went on to say that the happy young man was the only son of M. de Morel, the wealthy and celebrated chocolate-maker. Next to it was a column headed: "The New France." The New France it certainly was, reflected the American, when rich young officers married dowerless actresses, instead of allying themselves to the Faubourg or with one of his own American heiresses. Well, well, the idyll was finished for him; it was beginning for her.

Flicking the ash from his cigar, he went into the smoking-room. Mechanically he took a cable from the rack, and wrote with his fountain-pen—

"Thousand congratulations. Wedding-present follows on next boat"—and he addressed it to the Avenue Montaigne.

The ash had formed again and fell on the paper as he appended his signature. He blew it away thoughtfully, as if, at the same time, he were blowing away the ashes of a dead love. "How romantic I am getting!" he said to himself; "absurdly romantic. So much for the primrose paths. And now for work."

He hurried out to look for his own familiar skyscraper in the panorama of New York.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

A NUT FOR THE AUTHORITIES TO CRACK: CHAMPIONSHIP CHANGES IN THE AIR.

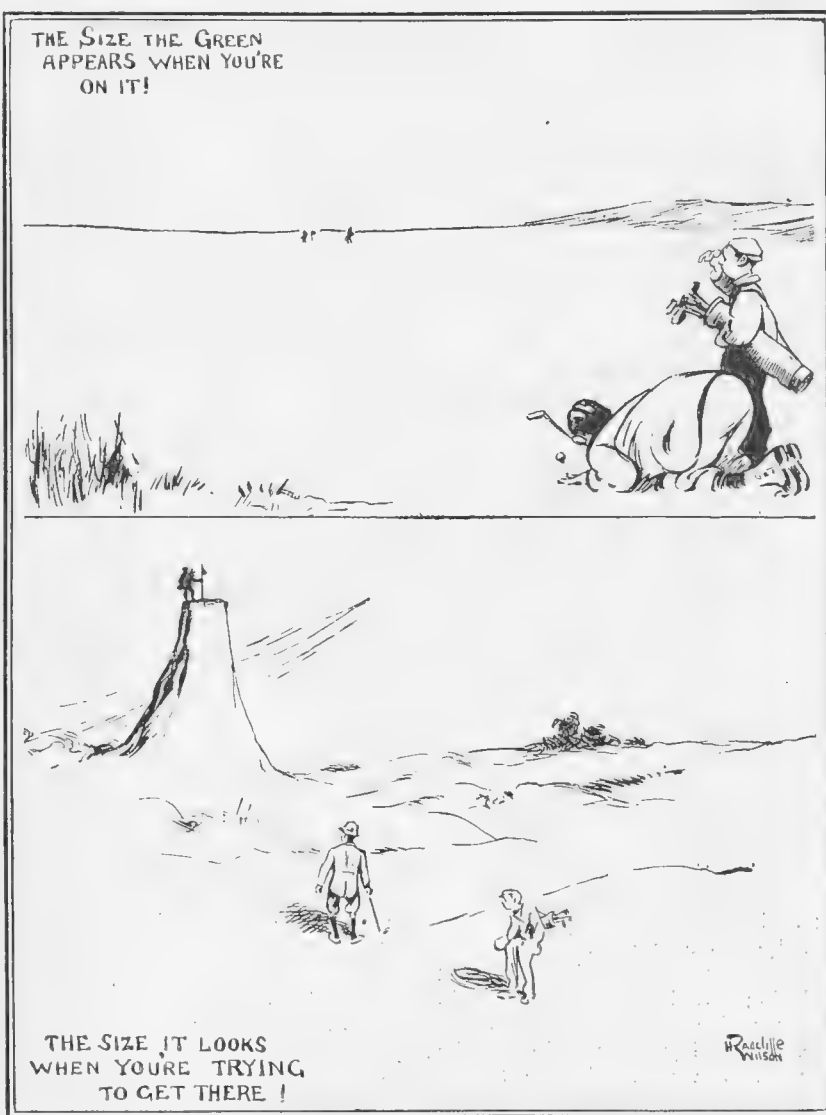
A Problem for the Authorities.

Those who control the Open Championship have a rather anxious time in front of them now, for it has been decided that the conditions which govern that competition must be changed, and it is extremely difficult to know how that may best be done. The record entry of 269 this year at Hoylake, and the probability that, if nothing is done, there will be a bigger one than ever in the near future, has again made it necessary to think out a new system of qualifying competition. The arrangement which has been in force for the last two years, although very far from being ideal, has had much to recommend it, and most people had made up their minds that almost anything would be better than the continual chopping and changing about that has been going on for such a long time now. But, apart from the difficulty of numbers, it has become clear that the existing arrangement has special faults—which are, indeed, produced by those numbers; and it is perhaps not a bad or unwelcome thing that a change has once more become necessary. The qualifying competition as we have it now is too clumsy. It is not reasonable that three days should be spent on this process of elimination, and then only two on the competition proper for the Championship itself, and the proceedings are dragged out in a most wearisome manner. Then, again, the margin for fault in the qualifying competition is far too small. The difference between the top qualifying score and the bottom one on the first day at Hoylake was only seven strokes, and on each of the other days it was nine. Seven strokes spread over two rounds are not many, and when it is realised that a single faulty shot, severely punished, may make all the difference between a first-class man qualifying or not, the weakness of the method in vogue is apparent.

Taylor's Narrow Escape.

As a matter of fact, it is a remarkable thing for contemplation now that Taylor himself, the champion, came very near to not qualifying, and had not a single stroke to spare in doing so. At the finish of his second round in the initial affair he was bunkered at the home hole, and it was only a fine chip shot from the rough at the back of the green and the holing of a putt of four or five feet that saved him. Then such a fine golfer as George Duncan, who was actually favourite for the championship at the beginning of the meeting, was ruled out by this preliminary test. On the day when this happened Duncan may not have played his best golf, but

no championship competition in these days is complete when he is not playing in it. Edward Ray also, then the reigning champion, had to fight hard and anxiously for his place, and if he had taken three more strokes than he did he would have shared the fate of Duncan. These happenings make it convincing that part of the new system that is adopted must be a scheme for exemption of some of the best players. This suggestion has been made many times in the past, but exemption is a difficult thing to determine on, because of the jealousies that are involved. One of the best ideas so far put forward is that attributed to Ray, who would have a championship consisting of one hundred players, forty of whom, being those who occupied the top forty places in the final list of the previous year, should take their place in the competition without undergoing any preliminary ordeal. The other sixty would have to qualify as they do now, or by some other process. It is difficult to find fault with this proposal, and a thing very much in its favour is the large number of players who would be exempted; while there would be a special reward for doing well in the championship, even though a long way out of the prize list. A man who had gained his place among the exempted would try to keep it from year to year, and a certain amount of kudos would attach to his doing so. As to the qualifying process, something will have to be done to shorten the duration of the meeting. It is not fair to the clubs who place their courses at the disposal of the competitors that it should take so much time as it does now.

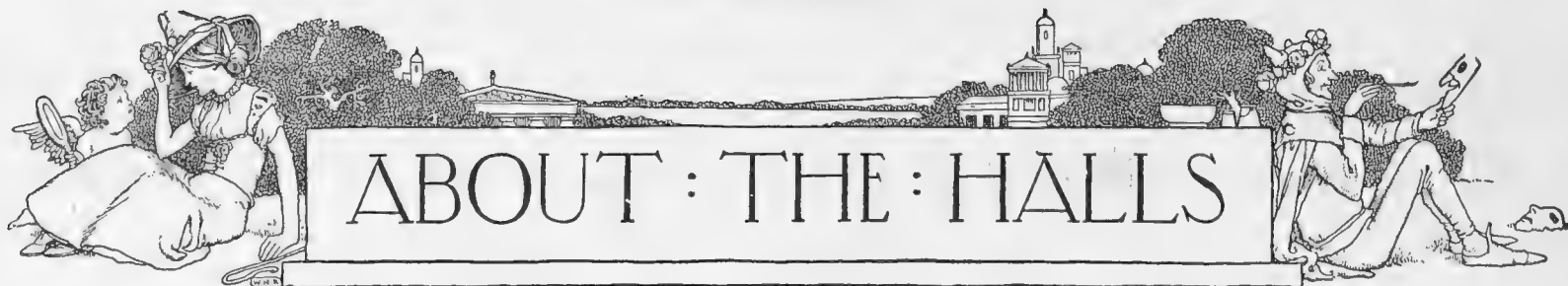


YOU ALL KNOW THEM! GREEN FEELINGS.

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON.

The Pros' Other International.

Other changes in the arrangement of national events are pending. The amateurs have decided for the time being that there shall be no qualifying competition established in connection with the Amateur Championship, and no thirty-six hole matches except in the final. But I do not believe the present arrangement will endure for ever. Then we have no amateur international match at present, the event having been done to death last year; but a new one will surely be created, and the amateurs might then very well take a hint from the professionals in their decision to change the date of their own international match from the championship week to some other special time of its own later in the year. Before the professionals determined on this course it was suggested for the amateurs. It will make a bigger event of it for the professionals, and they are to be congratulated on their action, and on the fine sporting spirit which they infuse into this engagement. It will be interesting now to see what courses they pitch on for it.—HENRY LEACH.



AN ADDENDUM AT THE EMPIRE : TWO SELF - ACCOMPANISTS.

THE Empire continues to make determined efforts to keep its revue fresh and picturesque, and to this end it has introduced a new feature into the second part which adds considerably to the evening's entertainment. The basic idea is reminiscent of the well-known whisky poster in which the young laird's ancestors materialise in their picture-frames and sally forth to take a noggin

of the spirit they loved so well when in real life. The scene is laid in the Duchess's ancestral halls, into which the broker's men have obtruded themselves, accompanied by the wife of one of them, who gives a wonderful imitation of Mr. Fred Emney. After an alcoholic period of some length, in the course of which the trio become uncompromisingly inebriated, the transmutation takes place, and the historic personages portrayed on the walls come to life, step down, and proceed to pass caustic comments on

spectators, there appears to be no very obvious reason why anybody should go to the expense of buying her wares, but a trifle like that does not militate against the success of the ballad. An agreeable diversion was caused on the evening I was there by the donkey firmly refusing to leave the stage, being apparently possessed of a passion for publicity. The stage-struck animal was, however, ultimately hauled off, and the curtain rose a second time upon a drawing-room set, including a grand piano, upon which Mr. Thompson accompanied himself to another of his songs, which, on Miss George's re-entrance, developed into a duet. The next item was a ditty entitled "I Only Know I Love You—You, Just You," sung as it should be sung, by Miss George; and, as might be expected, the "scena" concludes with the popular "Come, Sing to Me," arranged for two voices. The new "turn" is a marked success, and rouses the audience to enthusiasm. Miss Muriel George has lost none of her old skill, and Mr. Jack Thompson is the owner of a light but attractive voice; and, as he wrote the songs, he naturally knows precisely how they ought to be sung. He is also an accompanist of accuracy and precision.

"With and
Without a Piano."

Mr. Nelson Jackson is another artist who pianistically accompanies himself, and on his return from the provinces is making his appearance at the Tivoli. The patrons of the halls have always a weak spot in their hearts for a singer who can do without the assistance of the orchestra, and their admiration goes out to a vocalist who is capable of doing two things at once. They like to see artists putting forth their full powers, and the mere fact that two accomplishments are being exhibited at one and the same time raises the executant high in their estimation. Mr. Nelson Jackson possesses this gift, and his popularity is by now firmly established. He starts the proceedings with a patter-song, entitled "In the Future that is Coming By and By," in which he deals satirically with many of the current topics of the hour, and then, to show that he is in no way dependent upon his piano, he deserts it and regales the house with a string of anecdotes, some new and some old, but none so aged as to have lost their savour. He then re-seats himself at the instrument and gives an excellent rendering of an ingenious song, in which the plots of various of Shakespeare's plays are compendiously, if rather irreverently, "potted." Mr. Nelson Jackson imparts a considerable lilt to his songs, and he can tell a story caustically and with point. He has acquired the useful knack of appearing to take the audience completely into his confidence, and that is always a sure guarantee of success at the halls.



AS SHE DANCED BEFORE THE AMERICANS: LADY
CONSTANCE STEWART-RICHARDSON.

Copyright Photograph by the Bain News Service.

each other's pasts. Queen Elizabeth is extremely disrespectful to William Shakespeare, who retorts in pointed terms. Don Juan is made to know that his record is a matter of general knowledge. Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton, whose passion has diminished with the passage of the years, are not allowed to go scot-free; while Charles I. and Cleopatra are pointedly reminded of certain events in their respective careers; and when the badinage has come to an end the sextet forms up and sings a spirited topical song entitled "Oh, I Say!" This amusing inset, which is called "Across the Styx," is very well done, and contains a certain amount of rough-and-ready humour which proves much to the taste of the audience. Close attention has been paid to the dressing, and the performers work with a will. To the hypercritical it might, perhaps, appear that the bibulous side of the scene is unduly emphasised and prolonged, but it must not be forgotten that a representation of tipsiness never yet failed to appeal to a music-hall audience, and in this case it certainly evokes laughter loud and long.

A Popular
Composer.

For some time past Mr. Jack Thompson has shown himself the possessor of the gift of writing exactly the kind of saccharine ballad which goes straight to the heart of an unsophisticated public, and he is now interpreting his own compositions for the edification of frequenters of the Holborn Empire. He has been happy in his choice of a colleague, for there are few of us who have not pleasant recollections of the early days of "The Follies," when Miss Muriel George was a tower of strength to that joyous and irresponsible band. Mr. Thompson first appears as a nomadic performer on a piano elevated upon a donkey-cart, and accompanies Miss George (who is attired as a flower-girl) in a tuneful song in which she invites the passers-by to purchase her flowers. Considering that in the course of the song she scatters blossoms indiscriminately amongst the



CLAD FOR HER STAGE DANCES IN NEW YORK:
LADY CONSTANCE STEWART-RICHARDSON.

Copyright Photograph by the Bain News Service.

ROVER.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

NO MORE DIRTY HANDS: THE NATION TO LOOK AFTER THE ROADS: A MOTOR DERBY WANTED.

Continental in Spain.

It will come as news to many that Spain has its Grand Prix Motor Race, and this race was decided on June 15 last for a distance of 310 kilometres—193 miles—over a course in the mountainous Guadarrama country, which abounds with steep and rugged hills, and which, by comparison with ordinary Spanish roads, as they are currently described, by such motorists as have summoned up sufficient courage to tour them, must have proved a trial almost beyond the endurance of any motor-car. As it is, report has it that only eleven of the competitors finished, and of these, no fewer than eight ran on Continental tyres. I know that Continental tyres are long-suffering enough, but if ever proof of their reliability and durability were required, it is surely forthcoming in this Spanish slaughter.

"Kleansing Kudos."

Few men who like to "mess" with their own cars can suffer the limiting restraint of gloves. Indeed, they are at times, when some fiddling adjustment has to be made, a sheer exasperation of spirit, and are incontinently torn off. But the certain result of such a discard are grimed hands and blackened finger-nails; and the pestilent pertinacity with which motor-oil and grease resist the effects of ordinary soap and water are only too well known to motorists. There is sold motorist's soap and motorist's soap, but even when these compounds are effective, they leave the skin with a rough, unpleasant feeling, and frequently giving off a still more unpleasant odour. But now Boots, the great chemists, have come to the rescue with a really refreshing antiseptic, liquid toilet soap, which removes grease in quite a miraculous manner, and has a special effect upon the grime which will on such occasions accumulate

propound in connection with roads. The subject, great and manifold as it is, must have been torn to very tatters. Though speech may be silver, it cannot, alas! be transformed into what is, after all, the one thing needful to the amelioration and solution of the road problem. Alas! until the lack of pence is mitigated, much cannot be done. It is money that is wanted all the time to rehabilitate our roads, and put and maintain them in a condition suitable to modern traffic. To do this will require a large and ever-increasing expenditure, with which it would be grossly unfair much longer to saddle county and borough authorities, whose incomes are out of all proportion to the demands made upon them. In an ever-increasing proportion, every inhabitant of these islands is profiting

by the use of the roads, and their reconstruction and upkeep should be made a national charge. What is needed is a central authority, skilled in modern road-construction, that would unify and accelerate the present patchwork progress.

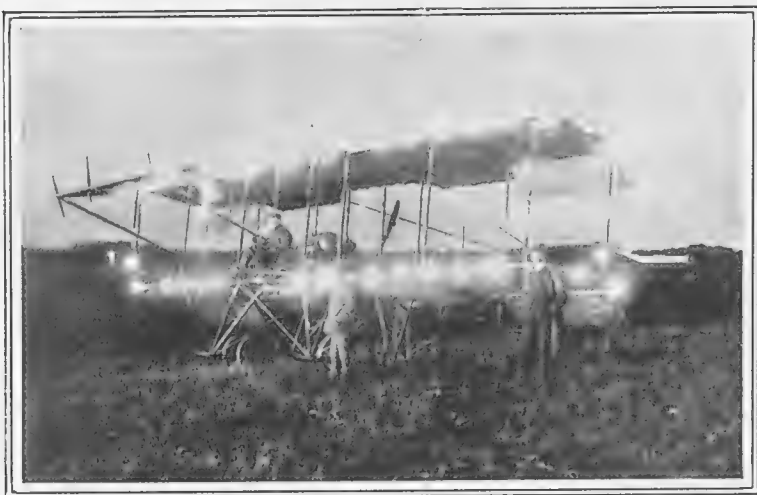
A Motor Derby.

That most readable motor journal with the yellow jacket (I mean, our English *Auto*) wants nothing less than a Motor Derby, and having read Mr. Practicus' article from end to end, I am with him all the time. After discussing, or rather stating, the reasons that are advanced again and again against motor-racing, chiefly by those who fear competition, Practicus suggests that, notwithstanding all and sundry, everybody wants a race, even those who say they don't. This sounds somewhat paradoxical, but in the main, it is true. Asked if he could imagine a better car than the Rolls-Royce, or a more marvellous production than the Ford for £135, Practicus replied in a manner which must have been prompted by the drawing of a five-litres *bidon* of motor spirit which appeared lately in one



WITNESSES TO FRANCE'S STRENGTH IN MILITARY AIRCRAFT: AEROPLANES ASSEMBLED FOR INSPECTION BY SPANISH VISITORS, AT VILLACOUBLAY.

Photograph by Rel.



ABOUT TO DROP "BOMBS" BY NIGHT: AN ILLUMINATED AEROPLANE, AT THE HENDON AERODROME, PREPARED TO ATTACK A "DREADNOUGHT."

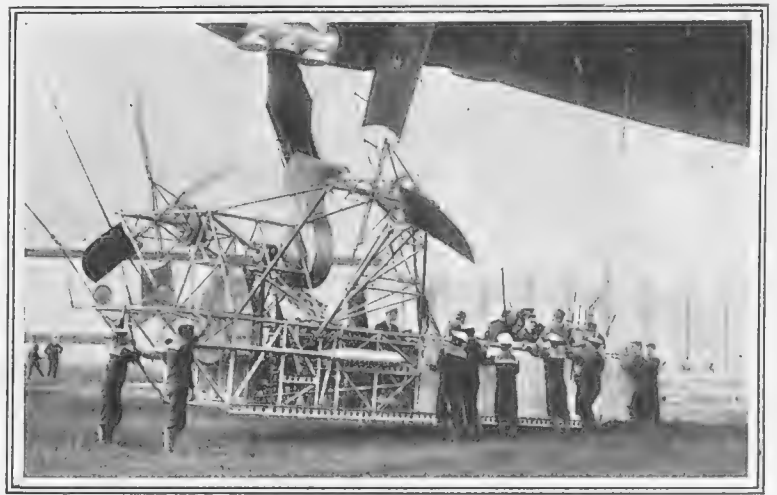
The first of these two photographs explains itself. Of the second, it should be said that the car of the new dirigible—which made a successful flight from Farnborough to London and back the other day—is of canvas-covered nickel-steel tubing, and carries nine passengers.

The engines are two Maybach motors, each developing

beneath the nails. For the introduction of Kudos, Boots should obtain both Kudos and Kash!

The Roads a National Charge.

Of a verity, something approaching good should arrive from the torrents of talk with which the ever-present road question was assailed at the numerous meetings of the late International Road Conference. There really cannot now be very much left to say or



FITTED WITH A FIGUREHEAD OF A WOMAN: THE CAR OF THE NEW NAVAL PARSEVAL DIRIGIBLE, WHICH CARRIES A GUN AND IS FITTED WITH WIRELESS.

180 h.p.—[Photographs by Sport and General and Topical.]

of the French automobile journals. It showed the *bidon* divided up in a manner to prove just how the contents of that *bidon* were expended when used to propel a motor-car. I don't remember the exact figures, but less than one-fifth was consumed in overcoming the windage and the road-resistance. The rest, more than four-fifths, was swallowed up by the friction of the various units, and something over half in sheer heat-loss. While that fearful waste still obtains, surely there is need for progress.



THE vacant Laureateship has provided dinner-tables with a topic, and evening-parties with a new sort of missing-word game for unofficially filling the post. "It is all missing words for me," complained a girl who had never heard of Robert Bridges; and only one person in the room could help her out with a quotation—and that nothing lengthier than a quatrain. Robert Bridges, even if nobody has his verses by heart, has generally been at the top of the poll in houses where the Asquith tradition is familiar. Both the P.M. and the Oxford poet are said to make a rule of reading a page of Virgil before breakfast. Probably no third man in England does likewise; and the bond between Downing Street and Balliol is too strong to break for the sake of crowning Kipling's Cockney and, to Mr. Asquith, uncongenial muse.

Lays and Mrs. Lawson.

"Taking sides" in the matter of the Laureateship must have had for many keen partisans nothing more than the charm of the unknown. This poet or that has been backed in much the same way as a horse is backed by the London navy; his points have not been very thoroughly scanned. When Lord Dunsany, thinking to shirk the question, said the other night at the Lyceum Club that Swinburne was incomparably the greatest of modern poets, he found he had stirred a very ardent feeling in the bosom of one gentleman who approached him at the end of the evening and declared that "If Asquith passes over Swinburne's claim, he will have done much to bring discredit on his Party." The Hon. Mrs. Lawson, on the other hand, faced the living question with characteristic thoroughness at her small party at 77, South Audley Street the other night. At a certain point in the proceedings she hushed her musicians, and installed a reader in their place. And an hour was devoted to the verses of a writer well in the running for the laurels.

Sound and Silence.

While the opera-goer is often too quick about going, and ruffles the temper of the stars with the rustle of her silks as she leaves before the proper time, the compliment of absolute attention is still accorded

the fine musician. At Miss Hilda Sachs's Brahms recital nobody stirred till the last note had faded, as it should always do, into complete silence. A Peeress, with a bad name for naughty whisperings and premature departures at Covent Garden, was for once as good as gold; and Miss Abadam, full of Suffragette arguments, kept the peace perfectly, despite the fact that Mrs. McKenna was in the seat beside her.

Caruso, whose only tour in England was undertaken in Miss Sachs's company, knows, too, how to listen almost as convincingly as he knows how to sing.

The Two Houses.

Princess Henry of Battenberg and Prince Paul of Serbia were both at Drury Lane for the first performance of "La Khovantchina," and the French Ambassador, the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Cunard, Viscountess Curzon, and many regular Covent-Gardeners preferred the Russian Ballet to

"Faust." Mr. Hammerstein, whose sardonic countenance in stone still adorns the façade of his vast experiment in Kingsway, may almost begin to doubt the wisdom of his retreat, for at last it looks as if London is proving itself able, like New York, to support two opera-houses.

Lord Sandhurst.

The crowded houses for Russian Ballet seemed to make no difference at Covent Garden. While Princess Henry was at Drury Lane, Lord and Lady Sandhurst occupied the Royal Box for "Faust," the performance of which offers no new problems to the harassed Lord Chamberlain. In obedience, perhaps, to his ruling, the "Salomé" at the rival house abstains from "business" with the head; but even then Lord Sandhurst's presence, in so far as it seems to give countenance to everything that passes on the stage, is more carefully bestowed than most men's.

This, doubtless, because he contrives to lead the decidedly strenuous life, a crowded continuance of that which has included a spell of service in the Coldstreams, the duties of a Lord-in-Waiting, the work of Under-Secretary for War, and the onerous honours of the Governorship of Bombay. We had forgotten, too, for the moment that he is Honorary Colonel of the Bombay Rifles and a J.P.



ENGAGED TO MR. PERCY LAMBERT; MISS MARGARET MORTEN.



ENGAGED TO MISS MARGARET HIRSCH; LIEUTENANT ALEC T. WILSON, R.N.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT A. T. WILSON, R.N.; MISS MARGARET HIRSCH.

Miss Morten is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Alfred Morten and of Mrs. Morten. Mr. Lambert is the well-known racing motorist.—Miss Hirsch is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Hirsch, of Kensington Palace Gardens. Lieutenant Alec T. Wilson is the son of Sir Mathew Wilson, Bt., of Eshton Hall, Gargrave, Yorks.

Photographs by Lallie Charles and Langflier.



THE NEW LADY LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPION: MRS. LAMBERT CHAMBERS.

Mrs. Lambert Chambers beat Mrs. MacNair in the final of the Ladies' Singles at Wimbledon, and so became Lady Champion. Most unfortunately, Mrs. D. R. Larcombe met with an accident when playing in the final of the Mixed Doubles, receiving a ball struck by her partner near the left eye. So she had to scratch in this and give up any idea of defending her title for the Ladies' Championship.—*(Photographs by Sport and General.)*



ACCIDENTALLY INJURED IN THE MIXED DOUBLES FINALS: MRS. D. R. LARCOMBE.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Are We Rabbits? With much spirit and vivacity, Mr. Bernard Shaw has recently accused Mr. Asquith of envisaging all womankind as if they were rabbits. "Not," as he puts it, "the female of the human species, but a distinct and inferior species, naturally disqualified from voting as a rabbit is." It is a sinister outlook, for I really believe that the rabbit theory is secretly held by vast masses of men, as well as by a numerous body of unthinking women. The man, it is true, generally excludes his own mother from this generalisation; being his mother, she must be of superior stuff to the mass of womenfolk, and a brilliant daughter may sometimes be exempted from it also. But if the rabbit theory is true, ought we not to have the privileges of those engaging little animals, at least when kept in domesticity? Should we not, like them, be spared all toiling and moiling, and be secluded by admiring mankind in luxurious

hutches, with an unending supply of crisp lettuces? The least attractive female bunny is not supposed to work for her living, or to earn anyone else's; enough if she exists and hands on, as the French dramatist puts it, the Torch of Life.

Those Birds.

There is no more entertaining reading than is to be found in well-written books about birds, yet they are sometimes of a nature to exasperate, to fill with envy, hatred, and malice the mildest-mannered person. For the authors of these volumes take it for granted that the uninstructed individual is as familiar as they are with the appearance of every brown-feathered creature to be found in our gardens and copses. They can see birds quite plainly, perching on high boughs or in thick shrubberies, and recognise them in a twinkling by their beaks, the shapes of their tails, or their song. As a matter of fact, most plain citizens are capable of "spotting," at first sight, a sparrow, a swallow, a robin, a peacock, a starling, an owl, and a rook, as well as that diminutive but singularly united couple, Mr. and Mrs. Wagtail. But, beyond this, our bird-lore does not go far. We can salute the unique song of the nightingale, the lark, and the blackbird, but, outside these three accomplished singers, who really knows a warbler of the thicket unless he is a small country-bred boy or an expert out to write these ever-popular works devoted to birds? Yet most modern folk are tormented with a desire to get closer to Nature, to learn her secrets, and to get recreation and amusement by studying her ways. I propose that bird-classes should be instituted for grown-ups, and that the authors of these fascinating works should help to guide us in the gay world of the feathered people.

charity concert is of daily—nay, hourly—occurrence, and vast audiences of tulle hats are gathered together in ducal mansions to listen to all that is most sentimental and touching in German music. The afternoon concert, on its present lines, would have driven M. Rolland's Jean-Christophe crazy. To what end, he would have asked, all this cooing about *schmerzen* and *herzen*, this wailing over partings, this frenzied joy about a green leaf or a nightingale? It is a mental regimen good for neither man nor beast, so why should women be expected to disburse a guinea to listen to the German *schwärmerei* of sixty years ago? For all this music is an anachronism; it does not fit into our modern life, with its restlessness and its preoccupation about social problems rather than with individual amorous woes. I am bound to say that the majority of tulle hats are serenely undisturbed by these considerations, having given them scant thought, and will listen rapturously to some charming singer vocalising "Komm, süsse Tod!" and then hurry off to tea and cakes at the nearest club or restaurant.

French and English Actresses.

Some wonderful "stars" of the Paris stage have recently appeared in the theatrical firmament, and it is interesting to compare them, their appearance, and their methods, with our own leading actresses. Now we are always being told of the superior diction of the French comedian, yet one was left wondering why Mme. Simone, for instance, with all her consummate technique, could not contrive to speak as clearly in "Le Secret" as does Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Both artists play capricious and perverse women, yet there is never a moment when you do not catch what the English actress is saying, while the French one, with her curious metallic voice, was often inaudible. A great point in Mme. Simone's favour is that she seems absolutely "at home" in her beautiful frocks. Too often a Parisian actress, who will wear the last fashion and the newest clothes, has the aspect of being *endimanchée*, to use an untranslatable Gallicism. This is fatal to realism, for a woman, in moments of keen dramatic emotion, should never appear preoccupied with—or even conscious of—her clothes. This question of fashion is so paramount in Paris that in the scene at Trouville all three ladies wore dresses of white tulle, that airy fabric being the mode for this summer. The scenes of comedy, the drawing-room life, were admirable in M. Bernstein's play; they were so real that, when a painful scene occurred, one had the feeling of being indiscreet, of assisting at a family quarrel where one was not wanted. One had a curious desire to hide—not to be identified with such odious, such poignant and unhappy scenes. It was a very triumph for the dramaturge.



A VERY SIMPLE WHITE FROCK, FOR LORD'S.

This is of crêpon, with a pleated tulle tunic run on to the bodice and held in at the waist with a white ribbon sash.



A MORNING DRESS.

This frock is made of soft black satin; the corsage is cut square in front over a white satin waistcoat surrounded with a frill of tulle. The hat worn with it is turned up at one side with a plume of ostrich-feathers.

Seas of Sentiment. During the season.

Between three and five of an afternoon we are engulfed in a sea of sentiment. For this is the time of year when the grand

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUERN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on July 29.

THE RAND STRIKE.

IN the early part of last week the series of satisfactory dividend announcements imparted quite a cheerful appearance to the Kaffir Market, but, as usual, something has turned up to prevent the improvement lasting. The "something" on this occasion is the strike of the white miners, which at the time of writing is apparently being held in check.

The trouble originated at the end of May on the New Kleinfontein property, and was quite trivial—as is so often the case in affairs of this sort. However, the dissatisfaction spread, and the original cause has been practically lost sight of.

Cables do not afford sufficient details for the exact position of the strikers to be known, and some of the Rand houses over here express the opinion that the strike is unlikely to be of long duration. We sincerely hope and believe that this will be the case. The poor old Kaffir Market has had so many kicks and so few ha'pence of late years that it deserves better luck.

On the other hand, the position clearly holds unpleasant possibilities. Every effort will be made to keep the electric stations going at Brakpan, Simmerpan, and Rosherville, but if this is unsuccessful, practically the whole of the Rand will be at a standstill, and should pumping operations cease, the damage in many cases would take months to repair.

Another important consideration is the effect of the affair upon the black "boys," and it is not difficult to see the possibilities in this direction.

The Union Government, however, are fully alive to the situation, and as they are interested to the extent of 10 per cent. in the profits of the mines, it can be taken as certain that they will do their utmost not only to protect all property and machinery, but also to bring the dispute to an early end.

THE MARKETS.

Another possibility of the Rand strike is the stoppage, for a while, of the gold shipments to London, and should this occur it would do nothing to help the Money Market. The present comparatively high Bank Rate has not sufficed to prevent the efflux of gold from the Bank of England, and there now seems no chance whatsoever of any reduction in the official rate, while the movement of the world's crops in the autumn is likely to make money everywhere very tight. If, in addition, the gold imports are seriously restricted for any length of time, the position might well become exceedingly difficult.

Altogether, last week has not been a very happy one for the City. Nobody cares very much whether the Bulgars slay the Serbs or whether they slay each other, but we should all like to be assured that Russia and Austria will sit tight and let the Balkan nations fight it out as best they like and as best they can.

Gilt-edged securities have been heavily sold, especially Irish land stock, while Consols distinguished themselves by establishing a new low record on Thursday.

In no department has business been other than dull, but the absence of a bull account has prevented any serious pressure to sell, so quotations, except in one or two directions, do not show any serious falls.

We are inclined to think the position will improve, but it will take a considerable time. All the banks and finance houses are loaded up with paper which must be turned into cash at the first favourable opportunity. Therefore, it will take far more than an ordinary amount of buying on the part of the public to sustain an upward movement.

UNION PACIFICS.

After many months of abortive attempts, a scheme for the disposal of the Union Pacific Company's holding of Southern Pacific stock has at last been found and sanctioned by the United States Courts.

Southern Pacific shares to the par value of 38,000,000 dols. are to be handed to the Pennsylvania Company in return for their holding of Baltimore and Ohio. The balance of the Union Company's holding is to be disposed of through a Trust Company between November next and January 1916.

The scheme seems a very fair solution of the problem. The Union Pacific's control over the Southern Pacific will be immediately done away with, which is what the Government desire; the stock received from the Pennsylvania Company carries the same rate of interest as the Southern Pacific stock, and the realisation of the balance will be very much easier now that the time is extended.

The disposal of this troublesome question once and for all should do much to clear the air in Wall Street and give the Yankee Market a chance to go ahead.

With regard to the Union Pacific Company itself, the scheme will cause no reduction in income. It is said in some quarters that the 10 per cent. dividend is likely to be reduced shortly, and it is most difficult for anyone over here to form a reliable opinion on this point. Gross receipts to date, however, show an increase of 3,083,000 dols.,

and, from what information we can obtain, we do not think any reduction in the present rate is very likely.

OVERHEARD IN A CITY OFFICE.

The senior partner sat disconsolately at his desk, wondering what on earth he could find to do.

"Things are slack," he said to the Rubber expert. "Is there anything doing in your market?"

The latter made a grimace, and confessed that he hadn't done a contract since the auctions. "Everybody's in the same boat," he said; "half the people are playing golf in their shirt-sleeves, and the other half wishing they were."

"What's happened to plantation rubber?" asked the clerk. "Nearly a shilling below fine hard Para is rather striking."

"Para's in a few strong hands who won't let the price down, while the plantations send along about a hundred tons a day to be sold at best—*voilà tout*."

"Wrong," said the clerk; "you're only half out of the sand. Para's better stuff; you can hold it as long as you like, and it improves with keeping, while plantation deteriorates. Another thing: for some purposes, such as solid tyres, you can only use Para."

"Is that so?" queried the senior partner. "I never knew that plantation wouldn't keep."

The Rubber expert admitted that he wouldn't like to try it for a year, and that there was something in the clerk's statements.

"Talking of Rubber," said the senior partner, "what about Oil?"

"The Oil boom is like the Suffragette bomb," said the clerk; "it doesn't come off—even your Shells are doing nothing remarkable."

"Neither is anything else," was the reply; "and they're bound to be quiet for a bit."

"When's the new issue coming along?"

"Not just at present. Times are so bad that I don't believe it's even been considered yet."

Harry came bustling in at this minute, and appeared to be awfully busy doing no business, but he forgot it all when asked about Mines.

"My dear Sir," he said, "what a silly question—how can they be anything but rotten?"

"What's the matter now, Harry?"—this from the still-more-senior partner, who had cheered up at the appearance of someone to tease. "You're always grumbling at something or other."

Harry ignored the interruption, and continued, "Tin's been knocked down, so Nigerians are very much 'off.'"

"Every cloud has a silver lining, Harry," said the still-more-senior partner, "so cheer up. Can't you find a bright spot anywhere?"

"I hear there's been some buying of three-months options on Rayfields, if that means anything."

"Rhodesians have had some nasty bumps lately," remarked the clerk. "After the Shamva report comes the news of Giants, and the Amalgamated Props affair is just about as thick as they make 'em."

"I've got a few Shamvas," announced Harry, to everyone's surprise. "What had I better do?"

"They're clearly not worth anything like their present price," said the clerk. "Without a doubt, you should sell 'em."

"As fast as your little legs will let you, Harry," said the still-more-senior partner; but the latter was half out of the office, and apparently didn't hear. But he sold his Shamvas.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It seems a pity that the Post Office Savings Bank does not admit to its list of investments the stocks of the India Government. Although these do not bear the guarantee of the British Government, they are, of course, strictly trustee stocks. Their inclusion might cause a demand to be raised for other similar issues from different British Colonies; but India stands on a plane of its own, and the addition of her stocks to the investments which the Post Office will make for its depositors might be advantageously considered.

* * * * *
Montreal $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock, obtainable the other day at 99 $\frac{1}{2}$ during the Stock Exchange crisis, has moved up to 101 $\frac{1}{2}$. This recovery from the lowest does not seem to us to remove all the gilt from the gingerbread, and, of its kind, the stock is one of the cheapest to be found in the House.

* * * * *
We are not surprised to learn that the Kansas City Terminal Railway Company Three-Year 5 per cent. Notes were largely over-subscribed last week. The Company's position is an excellent one, and the securities deposited as a protection for this issue are more than sufficient to cover it both as to capital and interest. At anywhere round their issue price the Notes are a bargain.

* * * * *
A correspondent has written asking our advice with regard to the scheme put forward by the directors of the Lake Superior Iron and Chemical Company, by which the 6 per cent. Bondholders are asked to exchange their security for 6 per cent. Preference shares, together with 50 per cent. of Common shares. Our advice to our correspondent

[Continued on page 32.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

For Our Summer Flight.

Most of us are on the wing just now, or intending to be so in the immediate future. It is therefore a good thing, when presents are in question, to look for something useful for travellers. The latest and the best of such things can always be seen in great variety

at John Pound and Company's establishments, one or other of which must surely be convenient—81, Leadenhall Street; 177, Tottenham Court Road; 67, Piccadilly; 211, Regent Street; 268, Oxford Street; or 243, Brompton Road. A really useful and practical, as well as a neat and very handsome, thing is a fitted dressing-case for ladies, in which the silver fittings are the few absolutely necessary, and all of the best; the case is of solid leather, with space for a change of clothes



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN F. W. EVANS JOHNSON:
MISS VERA POWER.

Miss Power is one of the keenest followers of the Kilkenny Hunt. She is the daughter of the late Sir Richard Power, Bt.

Photograph by Poole.

and night things. It is lined with tan watered silk, and there is a cover neatly made and bound; the price is £11 17s. 6d. Cases with compartments for everything are most useful, and very moderate in price; trunks with three drawers are delightfully convenient; and of handbags there is an endless variety. Some, in a long shape and particularly well made, either in leather or in black moiré, are suited for afternoon or evening parties; they have several dainty fittings, and cost only a guinea each. Motor luncheon and tea cases, dust and damp proof, which are used as footstools, are also in great demand. These are but a few of hundreds of attractive things suited for the holidays.

Sound Dress Investments.

When Marshall and Snelgrove, Vere Street and Oxford Street, have a summer sale, it is an opportunity not to be missed by ladies who desire to be immaculately turned out without being extravagant. The style of this great house is a matter of knowledge the world over, and the quality is equally known and appreciated. Consequently, when, as now, from July 7 until July 26, very substantial reductions are made in every department, there is a run on the establishment by those who know their ropes. A smart linen coat and skirt, trimmed with cord of its own colour, covered with peas, the skirt of the new shape, at 58s. 6d., is in the nature of a bargain, and a delightful possession with the holidays ahead; it is offered in white and in a variety of colours. Travelling or driving coats in various shades of face cloth, lined with grey or white squirrel, and with large roll-collars trimmed with various furs, for £5 10s., are also bargains, as they sold readily for seven and a half guineas. There are handsome and very smart wraps for wearing over light frocks at 45s. 6d., 37s. 6d., 68s. 6d., and 98s. 6d.; these are all reduced from very nearly double the prices they have been sold at through the season. They are of corded silk, faced cloth, satin, and 'broché, and are all stylish, up to date, and handsomely trimmed. In tea-gowns and wrap-gowns very special value is attainable. In mentioning the "Joyce" rest-gown in soft satin, the bodice lined with silk, pretty light net-frill trimmings in black and ivory and all the newest shades, at three guineas—the usual price being five—I am mentioning but one of many

examples. Bargains in blouses are great and various—from 4s. 6d. up to four guineas; the reductions are about half. Cotton, cotton voile, and cotton crépon dresses from 15s. 6d. to 58s. 6d. are of



GIVING THE FINISHING TOUCHES: MR. J. KNOTT'S BAYARD OF DEVON PATIENT DURING HIS TOILET, AT THE RICHMOND DOG AND CAT SHOW.

Photograph by Sport and General.

the freshest, daintiest, and smartest, and are very greatly reduced. As it is possible here only to give hints of all the good things this sale will offer to ladies, I advise sending for the catalogue. From it purchases can be made by post; the firm pay carriage on all purchases, and all the sale things are of the Marshall standard as to quality.

The Latest for Our Feet.

Feet have come quite into their own in these days of short skirts, and have to be clothed carefully. In this matter the London Shoe Company lead the way. They manage, even in these dry, hot summer days, to give us such pliable, soft foot-wear that our feet are cool and comfortable, and are yet neat and smart. A feature of the firm's enterprise is that their very smart shoe of patent leather, made with a dainty collar of white silken fabric, is, by a process exclusive to the Company, dyed to match any shade of dress-material. There is no extra cost for dyeing—the price of the shoe is 12s. 9d., and the time required to execute an order is seldom more than forty-eight hours. This is a real feat in smartness. Very attractive is a shoe of patent leather, Oxford shape, with a beige calf top, for 25s. An all-patent shoe, also in calf, glacé kid, tan Russian calf, champagne, white, or grey suède, for 28s., is remarkably elegant and good foot-wear; while for a guinea there is a buckle shoe in mole, purple, grey, black, or white suède, which is of unimpeachable style. The London Shoe Company have fine establishments at 123-5, Queen Victoria Street; 116-7, New Bond Street; and 21-2, Sloane Street.



TO BE MARRIED TO-MORROW (JULY 10): MISS HELEN BERYL REID AND MR. HENRY JAMES JOURDAIN.

Miss Reid is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jervis Reid, of 137, Ladbroke Road, late of New Zealand. Mr. Jourdain is the eldest son of the late Sir Henry John Jourdain, K.C.M.G.—[Photographs by Swaine.]



THE OPENING OF THE COMPTON WORKING BOYS' CLUB IN CYRUS STREET, CLERKENWELL: PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK AND SOME OF HIS SUPPORTERS.

The Compton Working Boys' Club was inaugurated the other evening by Prince Alexander of Teck. It is on premises, formerly occupied by a butcher, which have been re-modelled, and now include a dining-room, a gymnasium, a bath-room, a recreation-room, and a reading-room. It is to be the headquarters of the Cadet Company (1st Cadet Co. City of London Battalion) and the Troop of Baden-Powell Scouts (3rd City of London), Earl Compton's Own. The late Marquess of Northampton bore the whole cost of the alterations to the building. Technical classes are given in connection with the club. In the photograph (from left to right) are: Colonel Sir Reginald Hennell, C.V.O., D.S.O.; Major C. E. Dance; Prince Alexander of Teck, G.C.B., D.S.O.; General Sir E. Chapman, K.C.B.; the Hon. Secretary (Mr. Godfrey Halsey); Major M. Archer Shee, M.P.; Lieutenant-Colonel W. Campbell Hyslop, C.B.; and Major-General H. B. Jeffreys, C.B.

Continued from page 30.]

and to anyone else in the unhappy position of holding these bonds is to refuse absolutely to agree to the scheme or any other even remotely resembling it. The only people to benefit by it are the bank to whom the concern owes about 629,000 dols. The bonus of Common shares we consider valueless.

The Marconi Committee has departed this life unhonoured and unsung! We imagine the only people who will be really sorry are the newspapers, as the proceedings afforded cheap and useful copy. The Government did not unduly delay its departure. We wonder whether the rumours referred to in our note of last week had anything to do with the celerity of the proceedings?

The outlook for Egyptian securities is undoubtedly improving, and the prospects for Egyptian Delta Light Railways are promising. At their present price, the Preference shares offer an attractive yield, and there appears every probability that they will receive their full 5½ per cent. next year. If all goes well, they should reach par before very long.

The rumour, to which we referred on several occasions last year, that the P. and O. Steamship Company were likely to come to an arrangement with the Royal Mail and another Company has lately been revived, and in an even more circumstantial form. We understand that an announcement will be made before long that a working agreement has been arrived at by the three Companies, while an even closer tie is not improbable later on.

The fall in Peruvian Preference seems to have gone quite far enough. The Ballestas Islands question was worked for all it was worth, but the Government's attitude is more reasonable than at first appeared. The railway system is doing very well, and gross traffics to date are such as to make some increase in the distribution not improbable. The Preference would be one of the first stocks to benefit from an improvement in the condition on the Continent.

Saturday, July 5 1913.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WATER.—We cannot possibly advise you without more information. Are you content with a return of £4 or £4 10s. a year, or do you want £3? Explain your position more fully, and we will do our best to help you.

O. P. (Yarmouth).—The Company was registered in 1910, with a capital of £125,000. The shares are nominally quoted at 1s. 6d., and prospects so dubious that you had better sell—if you can.

CÆSAR.—The answer is in the negative.

HEYWOOD AND CO., LTD., AND THE "PHARMACEUTICAL JOURNAL."—The twenty-fifth Annual Meeting of Messrs. Heywood and Co., Ltd. was held on July 1, Mr. Walter Judd, the Chairman and Managing Director, presiding. He congratulated the shareholders on the increased prosperity of the Company, the balance-sheet presented being the most satisfactory one since the establishment of the Company. He stated, among other things, that they had had a very distinguished honour conferred upon them, having been asked by the General Council of the Pharmaceutical Society to publish their great and progressive official publication, namely, the *Pharmaceutical Journal and Pharmacist*, which was established in 1841, and which was certainly one of the most important trade papers in the world, if not the most important. Mr. Heywood congratulated the directors and staff on the marked improvement in the Company's position, and the healthy advance which all the publications of the firm had made. The transfer of the publication of the *Pharmaceutical Journal* was an acquisition which he felt assured would be beneficial both to the Journal and the Company, as the latter, from their long and intimate association with class and trade publications, were in a unique position to do full justice to such a publication in every way.



FIRST IN THEIR CLASSES.

There may be some dispute about the horse, but there is none about the Lancia car. In its class—and there is none higher—the Lancia, by the common consent of unbiased authority, is without a superior either mechanically or in the perfection of its completed form. The chassis (fully equipped) realises the engineer's ideal. The body (to order) adds a personal note to the refinement of the mechanism. Together they make a car without a peer on the open road or in the town.

Thirty horse-power. Chassis complete with Electric Lighting Equipment, Klaxon Horn, Speedometer, etc.—W. L. STEWART & CO., LTD., 26, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W.



ROYAL VINOLIA VANISHING CREAM.

MANY of the fair sex have a decided objection to greasy face creams, and to these ladies Royal Vinolia Vanishing Cream comes as the greatest boon. Although absolutely greaseless this dainty and refreshing cream is a skin food of the highest value and by reason of its stimulating and nourishing properties it keeps the skin in a thoroughly healthy condition. Royal Vinolia Vanishing Cream is completely absorbed by the skin, leaving it cool and fragrant and without the slightest trace of that shiny look which detracts so much from the appearance.

In Tubes, 6d. & 10½d. In Pots, 10½d.

VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON & PARIS.



"The only Cigarette you will eventually smoke."

AS
SUPPLIED
TO THE
HOUSE
OF
LORDS

SANDORIDES
"Lucana"
CIGARETTES

AS
SUPPLIED
TO THE
HOUSE
OF
COMMONS

Delicious in flavour, of delightful aroma, and harmless on account of their absolute purity.

They are rightly acclaimed everywhere as the

"WORLD'S PERFECT CIGARETTES"

LUCANA RUSSIAN			
Code C.C. The Ecu Box.			
100	25	10	
4/9	1/3	6d.	

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100	25	10	
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LUCANA EGYPTIAN BLEND			
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100	50	25	
6/-	3/-	1/6	

LUCANA TURKISH			
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Of all good class Tobacconists and Stores or Post Paid from

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Jewellers & Silversmiths
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THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company

With which is incorporated the Goldsmiths' Alliance, Ltd. (A. B. Savory & Sons). Established 1751.

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JEWELLERS.

Famous the World over for

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Highest Awards
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SOLID SILVER TEA AND COFFEE SERVICES.

The finest and largest Stocks of Tea and Coffee Services in London, varying in prices from £10 to £250. The Company is famous for the high standard of Quality of its productions and for the moderate prices charged. Comparison is respectfully invited.



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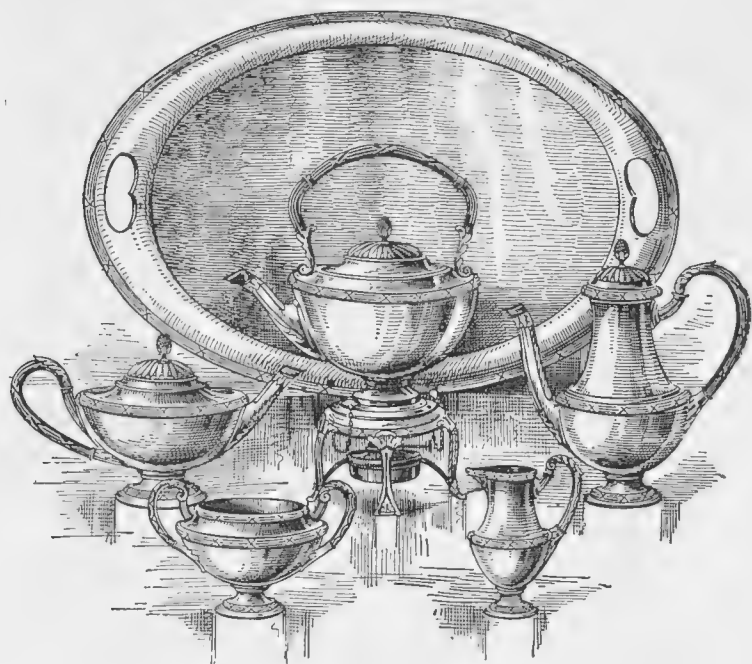
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THE LOUIS XVI. SERVICE.

A Tea and Coffee Service with very fine Modelled and Chased Mounts, after Louis XVI. period."

Tea and Coffee Service in Prince's Plate	... £11 10 0
Kettle, Stand, and Lamp in Prince's Plate	... £5 17 6
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By reason of its immense superiority and exceptional value, Prince's Plate can be confidently recommended to those requiring high quality plate at reasonable cost. There is no substitute for silver that can vie with it for durability and general excellence, and the purchaser of Prince's Plate obtains an article that will last a lifetime. Climatic conditions fail to affect it, while years of service only serve to enhance its appearance and reputation. See the mark on every piece, a real guarantee of excellence.

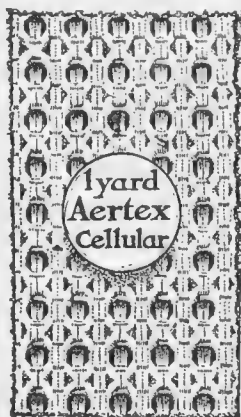
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Diagram showing the wonderful protective quality of Aertex Cellular in proportion to its weight.



Equal in Weight to



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Shirts and Underwear

and you will carry half the weight of ordinary garments with much more perfect protection from changes of temperature.

This label  on all garments.

AERTEX CELLULAR garments are made from cloth composed of small cells in which the air is enclosed. The body is thus protected from the effects of outer heat or cold, while the action of the pores of the skin is not impeded.

Illustrated Price List of full range of Aertex Cellular Goods for Men, Women, and Children, with list of 1,500 Depôts where these goods may be obtained, sent Post Free on application to

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A Selection from List of Depôts where Aertex Goods may be obtained—

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Darlington .. J. R. KILNER, 13, Earle St.
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Dorset .. J. H. WAITES & SONS, 4, King's Head Bldgs.
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Douglas (I. of M.) .. A. H. FAYLE, Victoria St.
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Dundee .. DRAFFEN & JARVIS, [St.]
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Eton .. E. C. DEVEREUX, 127, High St.
Exeter .. PINDER & TUCKWELL, 191, High St.
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Glasgow .. PETTIGREW & STEPHENS, Ltd., Sauchiehall
Halifax .. R. HUME, 12, Cornmarket.
Harrrogate .. W. G. ALLEN & SON, 6, Prospect Crescent.
Huddersfield .. W. H. DAWSON, 22, New St.
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Lancaster .. R. STANTON, 17, Cheapside.
Leamington .. E. FRANCIS & SONS, Ltd., Bath St.
Leeds .. HYAM & CO., 42 & 43, Briggate.
Liverpool .. LLOYD'S STORES, 1 & 3, Byrom St.

Manchester .. H. R. FREEBORN, 11, Cross St.
Middlesbrough .. A. W. FOSTER, 74, Linthorpe Rd.
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Sheerness .. TEMPLE BROS., 48, High St.
Sheffield .. R. HANBIDGE, Norfolk House.
Southport .. BELFAST SHIRT DEPOT, Lord St.
Sunderland .. H. BINNS, SON & CO., Ltd., 38, Fawcett St.
Weymouth .. E. HAWKINS, & CO., 33, High St.
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An Ideal Suit of Summer Underwear, for 5/-



Aertex Cellular Day Shirt, from 3/6



Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.

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JAMES WATT

This Picture is the Tenth of a Series of colored Portraits of Famous Scots published by
JOHN DEWAR & SONS, L^{TD}. Scotch Whisky Distillers, Perth & London

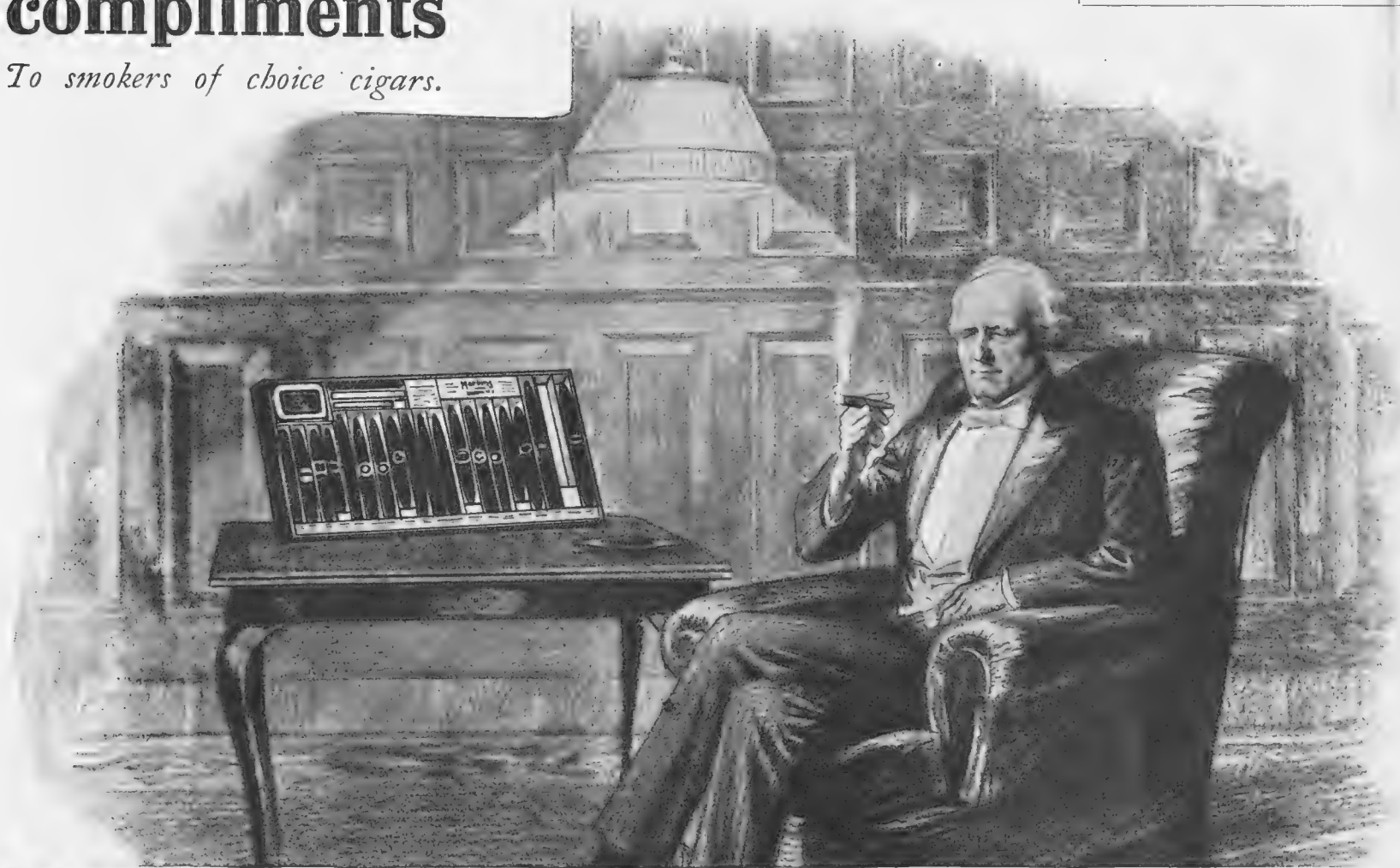
with Martins compliments

To smokers of choice cigars.

One man—one Cabinet.

This advertisement is not addressed to the many thousand smokers who have already been supplied with one of these sample Cabinets of Cigars FREE.

Owing to the expense we must strictly adhere to the one-man-one-Cabinet rule. The price for a second Cabinet is 10/-.



10,000 of these 10/- Cabinets of cigars FREE

from the 'Largest Mail Order Cigar Business in the World'

SEND NO MONEY

Here is a unique opportunity for every smoker to experiment with 20 cigars and find—at no cost to himself—just the cigar which suits his palate and his purse.

This deliberate choice of the right cigar at the right price *after the most careful selection* is a far better method than the old extravagant way of carelessly buying single cigars. The casual way is an expensive way since the smoker is often tempted to pay a higher price than he originally intended when he entered the shop,

because he does not see anything he fancies at his own figure.

Smokers, therefore, will eagerly seize this splendid opportunity of finding "just the right cigar."

How to get the Cabinet.

Send no money.

Just apply on your headed note-paper (or enclose your visiting card), together with the Request Form, and the Cabinet will be sent to you at once, post paid.

If, after smoking all the twenty cigars it contains, you decide to purchase a box of 100 (even if only at 15/- per 100), *no charge whatever is made for the 10/- Cabinet of Samples.*

On the other hand, if you should

not wish to purchase 100 of these cigars, then you have to send 6/6 only for the 10/- worth of samples. In other words, we will share the cost of the experiment with you.

So you see you get something either way.

You get 10/- worth free if you order 100 cigars. You get 3/6 worth free if you only keep the 20 samples.

Please understand there is no obligation to purchase 100—you do just-as-you-please.

The expense entailed in the distribution is naturally so great that we must adhere strictly to the "one-man-one-Cabinet" rule, and anyone who wishes for a second Cabinet must pay the full price of 10/-.

A Cabinet of Pleasure.

Martins "Cabinet of Samples" contains 20 cigars of all sizes, all shapes, all flavours, and all prices. You are, therefore, sure to find a cigar that is just *your* idea of what a good cigar should be.

There is the Bock Perfectos Finos, the finest shilling cigar that Havana produces. There is the famous Upmann at 75/- per 100 and the Royales at 100/- per 100, the kind of cigar that is smoked by Ambassadors or Cabinet Ministers at the Savoy or the Ritz.

But few men can afford to smoke such magnificent tobacco all day and every day, and so the Cabinet includes little

after-breakfast cigars—the Porto Santo at 15/- per 100 and the Chez Nous at 18/- per 100, which can be smoked in the Tube or in the train on the way to the office.

You therefore are sure to find in this box a cigar that is just *your* idea of what a good cigar should be.

And that is our reason for making you this generous offer.

→ Tear off here ←

Request Form

TO

Martins

Formerly Martin Bros
25, Cheapside,
London, E.C.

Please send me the Cabinet of 20 sample cigars (value 10/-), on condition that if I buy 100 cigars the same as any of the samples within 30 days, you will charge me nothing for the 10/- worth of samples. On the other hand, if I do not buy 100 of any of these cigars, I will pay you 6/6 only for the 10/- box of samples.

I have pinned my card or letter-heading to this request form, and filled in my name and address below.

Name.....

Address.....

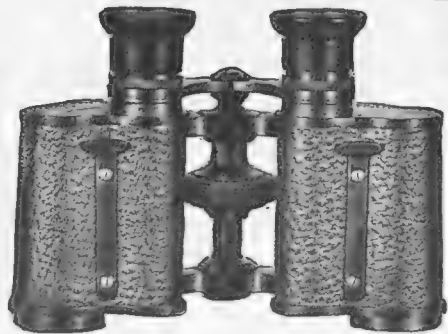
Martins

140

25 Cheapside London, E.C.

TRY a DOLLOND

ON SEVEN DAYS' APPROVAL, WITHOUT ANY OBLIGATION TO PURCHASE.



Price in best Case.
Eyepiece focussing, Thumbscrew focussing as illustration.
£6 0 0 £7 0 0

PERFECT PRISMATIC BINOCULARS

X 8 Magnification = 64 times super.

Maximum of light with large field of view. Perfect definition and enhanced stereoscopic effect. Strength and rigidity combined with lightness. The optical system is of the highest possible grade, and the workmanship unsurpassable. Each glass embodies the perfection gained by experience of 163 years in fine instrument construction.

They can be purchased on The Times System of 21/- with order, and 15/- Monthly until completion of payment.

THE HOUSE OF DOLLOND can point with pride to the fact that the business was established as long ago as the reign of King George II., when John Dollond surprised the scientific world by his invention of the Achromatic Object Glass, and the traditions of the House have always been regarded and maintained as a trust in perpetuity by the many generations that have followed the founder. Navigators, Explorers, Tourists, and Sportsmen write in praise of the products of the Dollond Optical Works; and the continued patronage of the Army and Navy, and commands from Members of the Royal Family are sufficient proof that the articles manufactured by THE HOUSE OF DOLLOND are the best.

In the Colonies or Foreign Countries where no Special Concessionnaires have been appointed, these glasses will be forwarded direct from the Works on receipt of cash (foreign postage, 2/- extra).

In Great Britain they will be sent on seven days' Free Trial on receipt of cash or satisfactory London Trade References, or supplied on the Monthly Payment System.

CATALOGUE No. 7 AND FULL PARTICULARS ON APPLICATION.

DOLLOND & CO., HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS:
11, Kirby Street,
Ltd., Hatton Garden, London, E.C.
Telegraphic and Cable Address: "DOLLONDS, LONDON." Phone: Holborn 2370.

In the undermentioned Towns and Cities the genuine Dollond Glasses can be obtained only from the established concessionnaire.

BRITISH ISLES.

Aberdeen—J. Lizars, 171, Union Street
Belfast—J. Lizars, 8, Wellington Place
Birmingham—J. Lucking & Co., 5, Corporation Street
Dublin—E. & W. Seale, Ltd., 97-99, Grafton St.
Dundee—Lennie & Thomson, 52 & 54, Reform Street
Edinburgh—E. & J. Lennie 46, Princes Street
Glasgow—J. Lizars, 101-7, Buchanan Street
Greenock—J. Lizars, 14, West Blackhall Street
Hull—B. Cooke & Son, 35, Paragon Street
Leeds—Reynolds & Branson, Ltd., 14, Commercial Street
Leicester—J. Lucking & Co., 30, London Road
Liverpool—J. Lizars, 71, Bold Street
Newmarket—F. A. Barrow, High Street
Newcastle-on-Tyne—Reid & Sons, Blackett Street
Nottingham—The London Manufacturing Goldsmiths Co., Ltd., 38, Long Row
Paisley—J. Lizars, 1, Old Smithills
Southampton—Frank Moore, Ltd., 90, High Street
Worcester—J. Lucking & Co., 14, Broad Street
York—J. B. Inglis & Sons, 4, Coney Street

COLONIES AND ABROAD.

The following are sole concessionnaires, and Dollond Glasses can only be obtained in the countries named through them. Concessionnaires charge the nett London prices, plus the usual addition for freight and duty.
Argentina—Mappin & Webb, Ltd., Buenos Aires
Australia—Stewart Dawson & Co., Ltd., Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Perth
Brazil—Mappin & Webb, Ltd., Rio de Janeiro, S. Paulo
Ceylon—Cargills, Ltd., Colombo.
India—Spencer & Co., Ltd., Madras Presidency, Hyderabad
Japan—W. M. Strachan & Co., Ltd., Yokohama, Kobe
New Zealand—Stewart Dawson & Co., Ltd., Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin
South Africa—Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, Kimberley, Durban, Bulawayo, Bloemfontein, E. London, Johannesburg, &c.
Straits Settlements—J. Little & Co., Ltd., Singapore and Kuala Lumpur

LONDON—Dollond & Co.'s Branches—

223, Oxford Street, W.
72, Oxford Street, W.
62, Old Broad Street, E.C.
95, Regent Street, W.
416, Strand, W.C.
61, Brompton Road, S.W.
35, Ludgate Hill, E.C.
2, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.

"I CERTAINLY LIKE IT,"

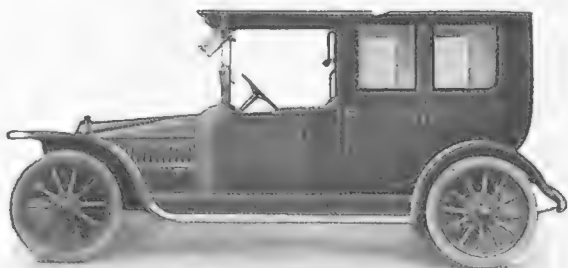
says Mr. Thomas Shaw, of
Dundee, speaking of the

26 H.P. EIGHT-CYLINDERED



"I like it very much. One enormous advantage over the six-cylindered car is the compact nature of the engine, allowing considerably more body space for the same length of car."

WONDERFULLY LIGHT ON PETROL — SMOOTHER RUNNING THAN THE BEST "SIX" — THE LAST WORD IN LUXURY. TRY IT!



26 H.P. CHASSIS, 820 by 120 tyres and worm drive, £527 : 10 : 0
50 H.P. CHASSIS, 935 by 135 tyres and worm drive, £683 : 0 : 0

WRITE FOR BROCHURE explaining why the eight-cylindered engine excels.

City 3151. (3 Lines) DE DION BOUTON (1907), LIMITED, "Andesite, Reg- London."
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"No Better Car
on the Road"

THE UNANIMOUS VERDICT

of the Press Motor Experts respecting the New

14-18 h.p. **ADLER**

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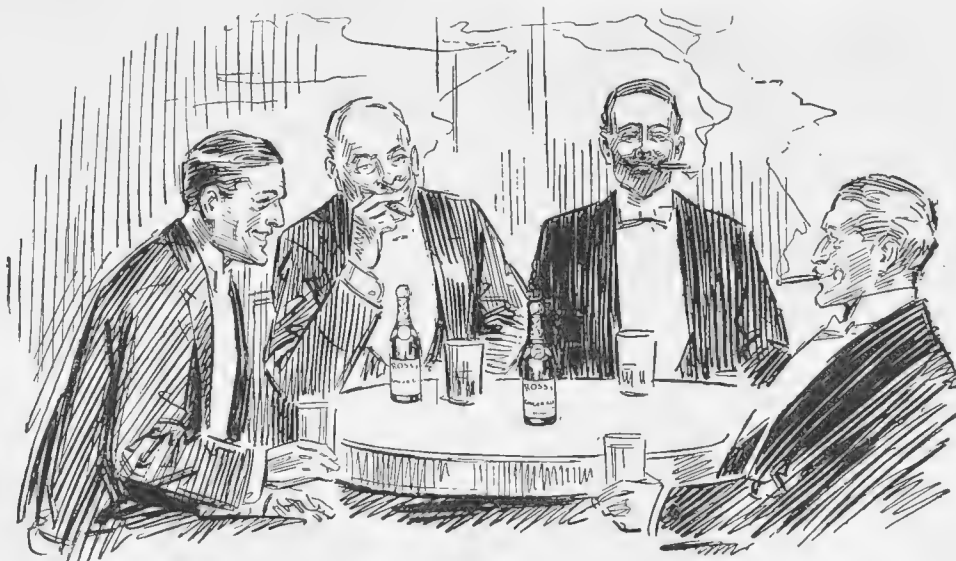
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Coachwork**

MORGAN & CO., Ltd. 127, LONG ACRE, W.C. & 10, OLD BOND STREET, W.

If you are interested in Commercial Vehicles see our Exhibit at

OLYMPIA Stand No. 83
July 18-26

We are showing a 25 h.p. 3½-ton Lorry, and a 14-18 h.p. Commercial Traveller's Brougham.



IN club and hotel—wherever men foregather—Ross's Belfast Ginger Ale is chosen for the same reason as champagne, and chosen by many *instead* of champagne.

ROSS'S *Belfast Dry* Ginger Ale

Made with the famous "Ross" Belfast Artesian well water and choicest ingredients, and bottled in Belfast—"Ross" has all the "life" of champagne without the alcohol; and like champagne it is as acceptable to the system as to the palate.

Blends perfectly with spirits———so does "Ross" Soda Water.

W. A. ROSS & SONS, Ltd. (Sole Manufactory) Belfast.

LONDON: 6 Colonial Avenue, E. GLASGOW 38 York Street. LIVERPOOL: 325 Tower Buildings.



Many people also enjoy "Ross" with spirits—a delightful blend.



"Ross" Soda Water possesses rare delicacy and blending properties.

13/25

Two champions for long distance driving:

DUNLOP TYRES

AND DUNLOP "V" GOLF BALLS.

ON MUIRFIELD GOLF COURSE.

The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd.,
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Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.
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New Vitality, Nerve Force—

Miss NAN STUART, of the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, writes:—"I have found very great benefit from the use of Phosferine. I have taken many of the well-known medicines, which only helped for a time, but Phosferine has enabled me to work for one whole year without a vacation of any kind, which is a great test of its sustaining powers, and during tiring rehearsals I always take 'it.' I am often asked what it is that keeps me so vivacious and my complexion so clear, and I always tell people, 'Phosferine.' I find, too, it is excellent for keeping the voice bright and in good condition."—June 25, 1913.

CAUTION

There is only one Phosferine—beware of illegal imitations—do not be misled by **PHOSPH THIS** or **PHOSPH THAT**, but get

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST TONIC AND DIGESTIVE.



Has been supplied by Royal Commands to—

The Royal Family
H.M. the Empress of Russia
H.M. the King of Spain

H.M. the Queen of Spain
H.M. the late King of Greece
H.M. the Queen of Roumania, &c.



The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.



MARSHALL'S SILK WEEK

Begins Monday, July 14th

A
REAL OPPORTUNITY
to secure

BARGAINS In Silks & Dress Goods

EVERY reduction is genuine and is made in order that the stocks may be cleared for entirely new goods for Autumn, in keeping with our policy that everything for sale here is the newest it is possible to obtain anywhere.

¶ MARSHALL'S great Silk Week (from July 14th to 20th) should compel the attention of every woman who appreciates good value, even if she is not requiring silk at the moment. Such are the bargains! The prices placed upon the various items are nothing short of remarkable.

¶ You have the surplus of London's finest Stock to select from, including all the most popular, beautiful, and uncommon shades and patterns. Every item is a recommended bargain. There need be no uncomfortable rush or crush during this special week. Ample arrangements have been made and there is plenty of room for display and purchase. The service facilities have been increased and there are bargains for everyone. You need not put off an engagement in order to attend the first day.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

LIMITED

Vere Street and Oxford Street
LONDON, W.

By appointment to H.M. The King, H.M. The Queen,
H.M. Queen Alexandra, and H.M. The Queen of Norway.



A Cigarette with an Inspiration

WHEN you inhale the fragrance of a Boguslavsky Cigarette you realise the inspiration which made Alexander Boguslavsky the master-blender of Turkish and Russian Cigarettes.

ALEXANDER BOGUSLAVSKY won celebrity by his consummate art, and was honoured by the patronage of the greatest connoisseurs of his day, including the Emperor of all the Russias. His wonderful formulæ are the sole property of Alexander Boguslavsky, Ltd.

EACH Boguslavsky Cigarette has its particular merit, but each brand is a chef-d'œuvre of its kind. You may try any one with confidence that it will worthily maintain the great reputation of the name of Boguslavsky.

Boguslavsky
Turkish, Egyptian & Russian
Cigarettes

Specially recommended for a trial

"The Turf" (Turkish)

Petit Format 7/- per 100

"High Life" 8/- per 100

(Boxes of 25 and 50 at proportionate prices.)

From all high-class tobacconists, or

POST FREE from

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WHY
only protect
the chauffeur



with a more or less elaborate shield, and leave the back passengers to the mercy of every vagary of wind and weather?

Be logical—and fit the
Auster Extending
Back Shield

"The greatest open car comfort yet invented."

A PERSONAL INSPECTION

of "Auster" Shield and Hood Equipment at our London Showrooms cannot fail to convince you of its unquestionable superiority.

AUSTER, LTD.,

Crown Works, Barford St., BIRMINGHAM;

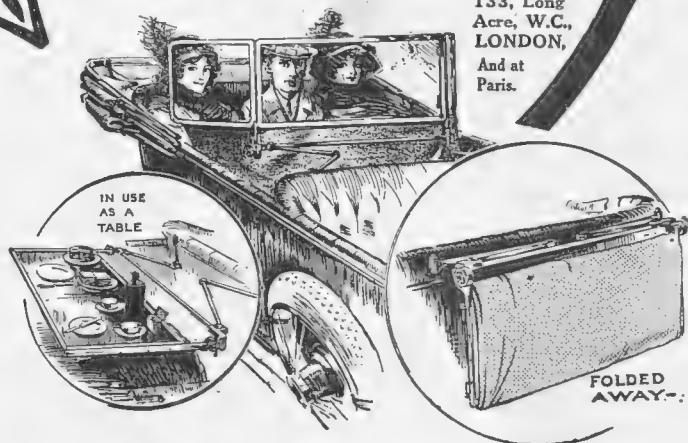
133, Long

Acre, W.C.,

LONDON,

And at

Paris.



FOLDED AWAY.

LINENIZED MUSIC ROLLS

Best for all 65 and 88 Note
PLAYER-PIANOS.

After paying a good price for a first-grade instrument, surely it is a mistake to use any but the best rolls. Inferior rolls result in inferior playing, however good the Player-Piano may be. Only by using Linenized Music Rolls can you hear your Player-Piano at its best. Linenized Music Rolls are musically perfect, climate-proof and practically indestructible. They are made of a quality-paper that does not expand or contract with variations of temperature. Consequently they retain their perfection long after other rolls have been cast aside as useless.

To prove this you can have sent upon seven days' free trial, anywhere within the United Kingdom, one dozen Linenized Music Rolls, without obligation to purchase

Price from 9d. to 6/3 each. Send to-day for Catalogue.

THE PERFORATED MUSIC CO., LTD.,
94, Regent Street, London, W.

Factory and Head Office: 197-203, CITY ROAD, E.C.
Scottish Branch: 113, GEORGE ST., EDINBURGH.

Agents in all large Towns.

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"SONGOLA" ROLLS have the words of the song on the Roll.

SUMMER NUMBER of PUNCH



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entitled

**"THE LIBERAL PLEASURE
PARTY AT SEA"**

Profusely illustrated by Pictures depicting Summer Scenes and Sports, and full of Frolic & Fun.

Everyone should buy it. Price 6d.

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Re the late LORD NAPIER AND ETTRICK, K.T.
 " SIR HORATIO DAVIS.
 " the Right Hon. VISCOUNT PEEL.
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 " Dowager LADY TREVOR, and numerous other notable personages,

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a magnificent variety of Genuine ANTIQUE and High-class FURNITURE, bedsteads and bedding, Oriental and other carpets, silver and plate, old crystal, glass, English and Continental china, linen, pictures, bronzes, and objects of art to the extent of about £150,000.

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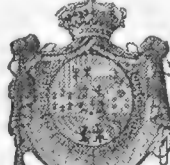
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NOTES FROM THE OPERA HOUSES.

UNANIMITY of opinion is not to be expected in matters of music any more than in matters relating to the other arts, but it is safe to expect that there will be a welcome for "La Du Barry," Camussi's pleasant opera. The period covered by the French Revolution has attracted many a dramatist and musician; some of them have justified their interest in the epoch. Signor Camussi has a good book; he has approached it with a fluent pen. He has given us some clever writing, and some that is very simple indeed; he has been affected by older living masters, and there are times when one feels that his memory is a little too good. But, admitting that he has not added a masterpiece to the operatic library, he has at least given us an extremely agreeable work, with plenty of genuine, clear-cut melody, and many movements of extreme grace and tenderness, and he has captured from time to time the gay and fragrant spirit of late eighteenth-century music. His score is never recondite, never unduly complicated; it does not summon all the instruments at its command in order to declare at the top of its voice that it has nothing to say. At the same time, there are no moments of supreme achievement, nor does the passion mount to the fashionable region explored by the masters of erotic music. It is a singularly clean score, free from affectations; there are not a dozen bars of empty noise from beginning to end. Perhaps the possession of the gift of melody makes such things unnecessary.

Signor Camussi is fortunate in his interpreters. Mme. Edvina's beautiful voice has never been heard to greater advantage; and Signor Martinelli makes a gallant Duca di Brissac, though he would do well to study the deportment of the period, and remember how far it was regulated by the costume of the ladies. Sammarco is perforce content with an insignificant part; while M. Crabbé, as Count Jean du Barry, and M. Huberdeau, as Cazotte, the author who dabbles in the dangerous art of prophecy, are quite excellent.

Very hearty congratulation is due to the management for the mounting and dressing of the opera. The scenes in the park of Luciennes and, later, in the religious house at Pont-aux-Dames, are quite among the best the house has given us, the dresses are charming; and the score is handled with great skill by Signor Panizza. The people whose hearing is of the normal kind, and whose tastes do not revolt against appeals that are at once simple and direct, will be pleased with "La Du Barry," and inclined to regret that it was not mounted a little earlier in the season. It is not great music, but it is charming and it is fresh, and the English translation of the libretto may be commended cordially as the best in a long series of operatic jokes.

The new baritone from Paris, M. Rouard, who is to sing in "Don Giovanni," has made an effective first appearance as Valentine in "Faust." He seems to be finely equipped both as singer and actor. "The Jewels of the Madonna" has taken a strong hold on the public taste, and would appear to have established a claim to a permanent place in the repertory of Covent Garden. It is sad to remember that the season is now in its closing weeks.

It is a pity that Sir Joseph Beecham, out of the kindness of his heart and his love for his fellow-men, did not have the titles of the Russian operas and the names of the stage characters rendered into English or cut down to monosyllables. The story of "The Khovanskys," for example, has much of the curious charm of a Chinese puzzle, and names of people and sects are simply beyond poor British-born humanity the limit of whose life is seventy years. But the curious part of the business is that neither the libretto nor the names associated with it can affect in the smallest degree the attractions of the opera. "The Khovanskys" has a story to tell of the "Old Believers" of Russia, and their destruction at the hands of Tsar Peter, the leaders of the party sacrificing themselves to the music of Moussorgsky's "Requiem of Love," as Brunnhilde sacrifices herself on Siegfried's funeral pyre. Any other story would do as well if it could provide the same or a similar atmosphere, could summon up the same strangely barbaric pictures, recall the same folk-songs, and demand the service of a chorus whose singing is of the kind London has never known in all its operatic experience. London is thrilled to the heart, and if our unemotional public can be so deeply moved, how shall we wonder at the enthusiasm of the Russians themselves?

M. Chaliapine is again a tower of strength to the company. Even if one is not sure of what he is doing, or why he does it, the splendour of his stage presence and the beauty of his voice are unforgettable. The Russian Ballet has proved as great an attraction at Drury Lane as it was at Covent Garden, and Nijinsky and Karsavina continue to draw the town. It would seem that the old ballets are more popular than the new, neither the "Jeux" nor the "Salome" ballet having been received with as much favour as the earlier works with which we are all familiar.

The production of "Ivan the Terrible" completes the programme of Russian opera; the composer is Rimsky-Korsakoff, and the work is over forty years old. Happily, this story, adapted from a drama by a well-known Russian poet, is extremely simple and easily told. Rimsky-Korsakoff has written many operas since he gave to the world "The Maid of Pskov," this being the title by which the opera just produced was known before it was called after the leading figure in the drama.

S. L. B.



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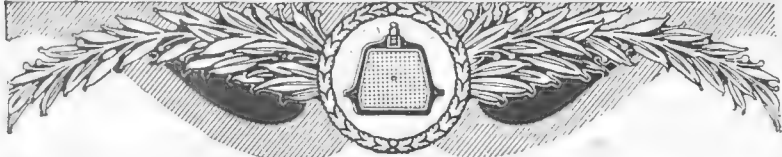
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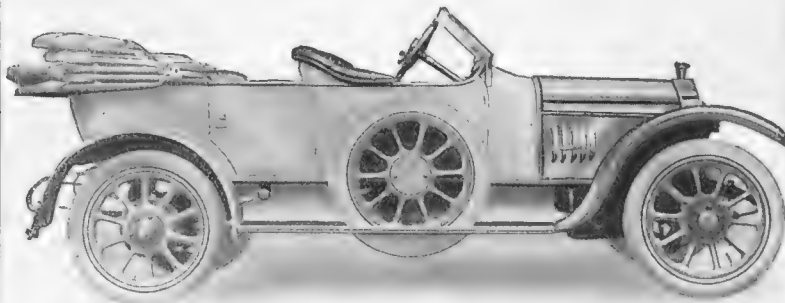
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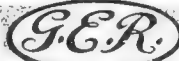
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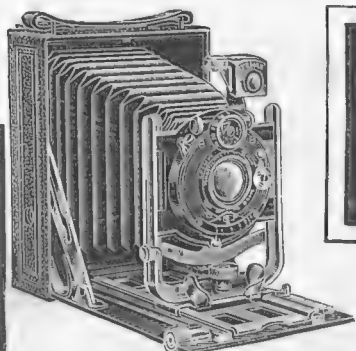


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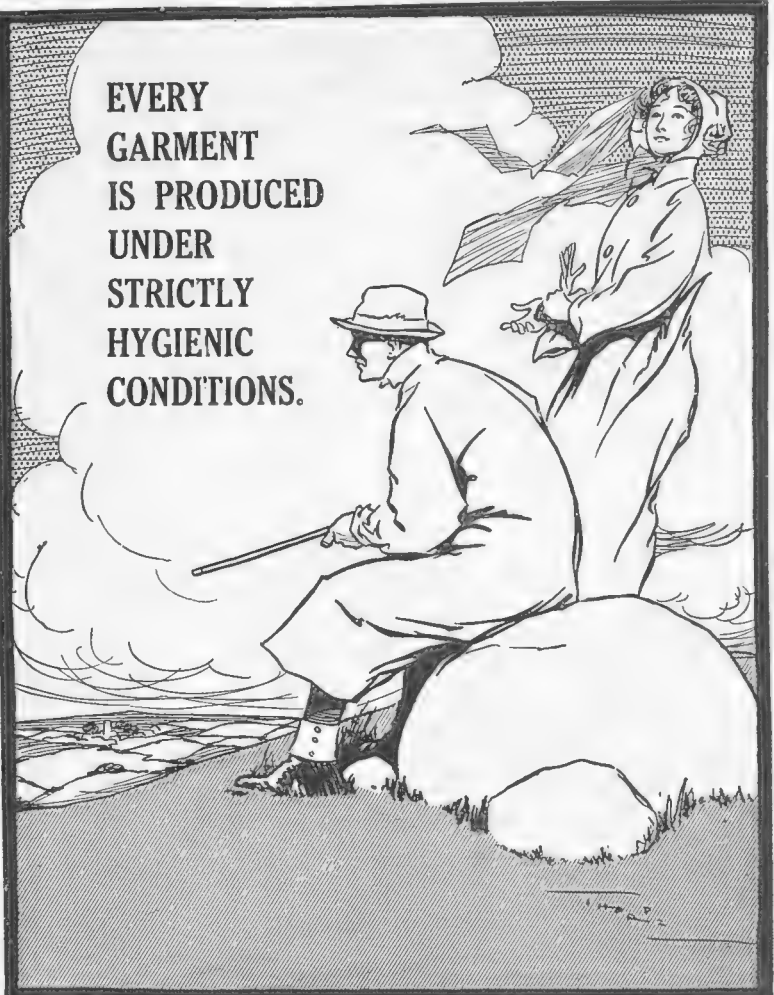
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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Mr. Maurice E. McLoughlin; Baroness Furnivall; Living Carpets of Grass; Sand Girls; Prize Beauties of the States; Miss Daisy Markham; Mme. Karsavina as Salomé; Les Mains des Déesses; Bathing Dresses Better out of Water; Bathing Dresses Better in Water; Dress at a Great French Racecourse.

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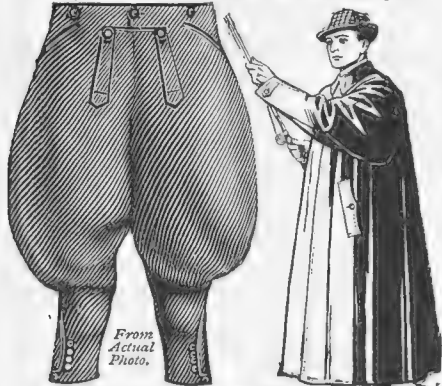
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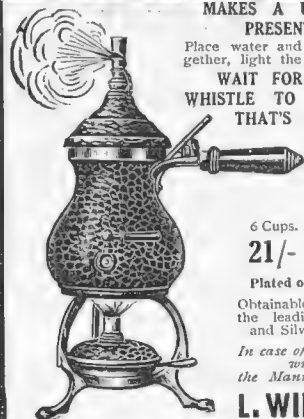
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE season wanes, important novelties are rare, but a word is due to the production of "London Assurance," at the St. James's, with its kind of "Milky Way" cast. Everybody knows that these performances, with a galaxy of "stars," are not remarkably good: they always remind me of a complicated figure in "Sartor Resartus" concerning snakes or eels in a bottle, each struggling to get its head a little higher up than the others. It is to be prayed that the successful revival of certain late Victorian melodramas will not induce some bold seeker for non-copyright plays to revive the early work of the brilliant Boucicault. However, the affair was very fearful and wonderful, and the country cousins, the Colonials, and the Transatlantics enjoyed it, and paid their half-crowns for programmes rapturously to the young, pretty actresses.

Sir Herbert's Shakespearean season, 1913 brand, is over; the last of it was "Romeo and Juliet," which is not much of a piece for an actor-manager hardly young enough to play the romantic hero. However, Sir Herbert popped up serenely as the gay Mercutio, a sort of a will-o'-the-wisp part. The commentators have raved about the character to such an extent that nobody who has read them is ever satisfied by any actor: a mixture of Henri Rochefort, Cyrano de Bergerac, Sir Philip Sidney, the Admirable Crichton, and the deathless Bayard is not easily represented in about ten minutes. And, after all, Sir Herbert had the cares of management and a first-night memory a little like that of the adorable Ellen Terry. And Miss Terry's niece, concerning whom I should like to use the famous elision line, "Phyllida amo te alias," was the Juliet—another Juliet who illustrates the well-known criticism of the part, "Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait." Alas! she lacked the skill to hide the skill. Quite clever, rather too clever, but the music of the verse interrupted by gasps, a hindrance to scansion. We had an excellent Romeo in Mr. Philip Merivale, yet a little disappointing on the first night, when his rich voice seemed tired. If anything could reconcile one to the ravings in "The Mask" for a puppet drama, it would be the idea of getting admirable elocutionists to recite Shakespeare's matchless verse while the dolls mimed.

After all, "The Faun" was not the only way, or any way at all, and, despite some superficial cleverness, has been banished again to Italy, to re-study the verse of Shelley, which is quite as good as the prose of Knoblauch. So the popular version of "A Tale of Two Cities" came to take its place. Concerning the melodrama it would be about as easy to say something new and true as about the Pyramids or the Garden of Eden. There is, however, a public never to be tired

of Mr. Martin Harvey's admirable performance as Sydney Carton, and many tears were shed, some of them caused by the pathetic Mimi of Miss N. de Silva. It would be unjust to overlook the excellent work of Mr. Frank Dyall in the character of Defarge.

The matinée of the Morality Play Society was notable chiefly for the work by the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttleton called "Dame Julian's Window," which is quite interesting and effective, and not the less in merit because it has a certain historical foundation. The author has managed with no little skill to give a dramatic form to the story, and her work stands out well among the numerous efforts to write what is called a "morality play"—a term of no very great value or assistance, and, indeed, often adopted as a cloak for disguise of weakness.

TO SAVE THE CRYSTAL PALACE: SPECIAL FUND STARTED BY THE "TIMES."

IT is the eleventh hour if the Crystal Palace is to be saved. Despite every endeavour, the Mansion House Fund to raise £230,000 and recoup Lord Plymouth for his generous purchase of the Crystal Palace and grounds, so as to save from threatened compulsory sale under the hammer the institution Queen Victoria so loved, has not fully succeeded. It has fallen short by £90,000. As a last resort, the Lord Mayor turned for aid to the *Times*, as the leading representative of the Newspaper Press, with, in the result, the starting of the special "Times Crystal Palace Fund" before the public. The condition of the Mansion House Fund, as stated in the *Times* in making its appeal, is this: "Out of the £230,000 required, £115,000 will be obtained by the Lord Mayor from the local authorities. Towards the remainder, which the public were asked to subscribe, Lord Strathcona has offered the final £10,000, but only about £8000 has come in since June 7, though assurances, on which the Lord Mayor relies, have also been received for a further £7000. Approximately £90,000, therefore, represents what is still needed." The *Times* headed the contribution list with £1000, and on the day that the appeal was issued the King and Queen sent donations of £200 and £100 respectively, and Queen Alexandra £100; while a donor, who desires to be anonymous, made the splendid offer to contribute ten shillings for every sovereign subscribed, up to £30,000 on his own part, provided the balance of £60,000 is received by the end of this month. At time of writing, some £21,000 of the required £90,000 remains to be got in. Subscriptions should be sent to the Editor of the *Times*, marked on the envelopes "Crystal Palace," cheques being drawn to "The Times Crystal Palace Fund," and crossed "Coutts and Co."



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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Headquarter Recruit."By RICHARD DEHAN.
(Heinemann.)

Everyone is familiar with the title of "The Dop Doctor," and "The Headquarter Recruit" is a collection of short tales by the same writer. Most of us find it convenient to take our fiction these days in *feuilleton* form, and any of these might have been met with in a casual page. They have titles provocative of curiosity, which is an advantage to the short story, and they live brightly up to their titles. It seems invidious to single out one or two from the well-sustained level. A very delightful one, however, is "Rouge Gagne"; Freddy's practical joke—Freddy was a subaltern learned in feminine arts—his joke with the Senior Major's wife, is a diverting affair; and the use he made out of his talent later, in the jungle swamp, has a note very finely struck. The sentimental vein is freely exploited in such examples as "Gougou," or "The Headquarter Recruit" itself. But child stories are apt to become sentimental, and who would grudge the quality to a white-whiskered old officer who might as well be grugged his tawny port, or his peppering of "dee's"? The imperial manner often assumed from time to time is reminiscent of good Kipling; both Services have their turn in excellent stories, and far corners of British territory add their interest of local colour to many.

"The Red Mirage."By I. A. R. WYLIE.
(Mills and Boon.)

The Foreign Legion, as it was, has been as useful to novelists as to France: just the last resort for all the riff-raff of the world—gamblers, cheats—"the vilest, most God-forsaken fighting body that was ever conceived by the mind of man"—and the bravest soldiers France could boast of. Such were the Legionaries. Driven forth from their own country, by crime, by despair, by fatal failure, they fought France's enemies for her and made her roads. Take two Englishmen, father and son, each separately exiled for quixotic or chivalrous deeds, give out to Society that they are lion-shooting or farming in the Colonies, and set them in this wonderful regiment—one as its cruelly despotic colonel, one as a nameless wanderer; one unknown to the other, and both equally brave—what an opening for romance!

Add to them all the glamour of the East, the mystery of the desert, siroccos of burning sand, war and mutiny, wherein father and son take turns in saving each other, and it will be deduced that "The Red Mirage" does well by its readers. The authoress of so gallant a story may be forgiven for stretching a point of coincidence now and then, neither should one quarrel with the beautiful consistency of each actor, for every part is a sharply defined one, and merely human meanderings are out of place in high romance. So the men are inscrutable, immutable creatures, and never the children which wives and mothers know them to be; they are always doing something fascinating against an attractive background; and for the one beautiful woman who is pretty contemptible there is one less decorative, but wholly admirable, besides a handsome Oriental, who hovers in the wings. In short, "The Red Mirage" is precisely what it should be, and is bound—No, Mr. Editor, Sir, this is not a joke; as such it is all unworthy of *The Sketch*—for a great success.

"April Panhasard."By MURIEL HINE.
(The Bodley Head.)

As long as romance endures, beauty in distress will find chivalrous sympathisers. April Panhasard, whose name was chosen by herself from a row of soiled fiction in a station book-stall—it took three books to godmother her—spent a characteristic retreat from the world and a divorced husband while the decree nisi awaited finality. Of course, she did not escape the mean, prying clergyman's wife, nor the inevitable lover. She did not escape burglars, or other exciting interludes, but she was always dressed as lady novelists love to clothe their heroines—with extravagant simplicity. Everything comes right in the best of all possible worlds for charming and suffering femininity, so this story, leading from rough to pleasant places, may safely be taken to the warm sands or cool woods, with the assurance that its issues hold nothing to jar with a holiday mood.

"The Unworthy Pact."By DOROTHEA GERARD.
(Stanley Paul.)

This is a Catholic novel, and though its interest revolves round a will, is as ingenious as such a theme can become in the hands of an experienced lady like the author. The hero, who had lost an inheritance owing to his parents' conversion to Rome, does, after all, succeed in default of a

(Continued overleaf.)

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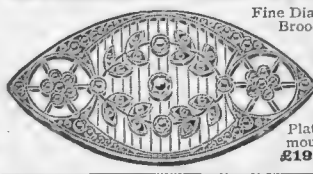
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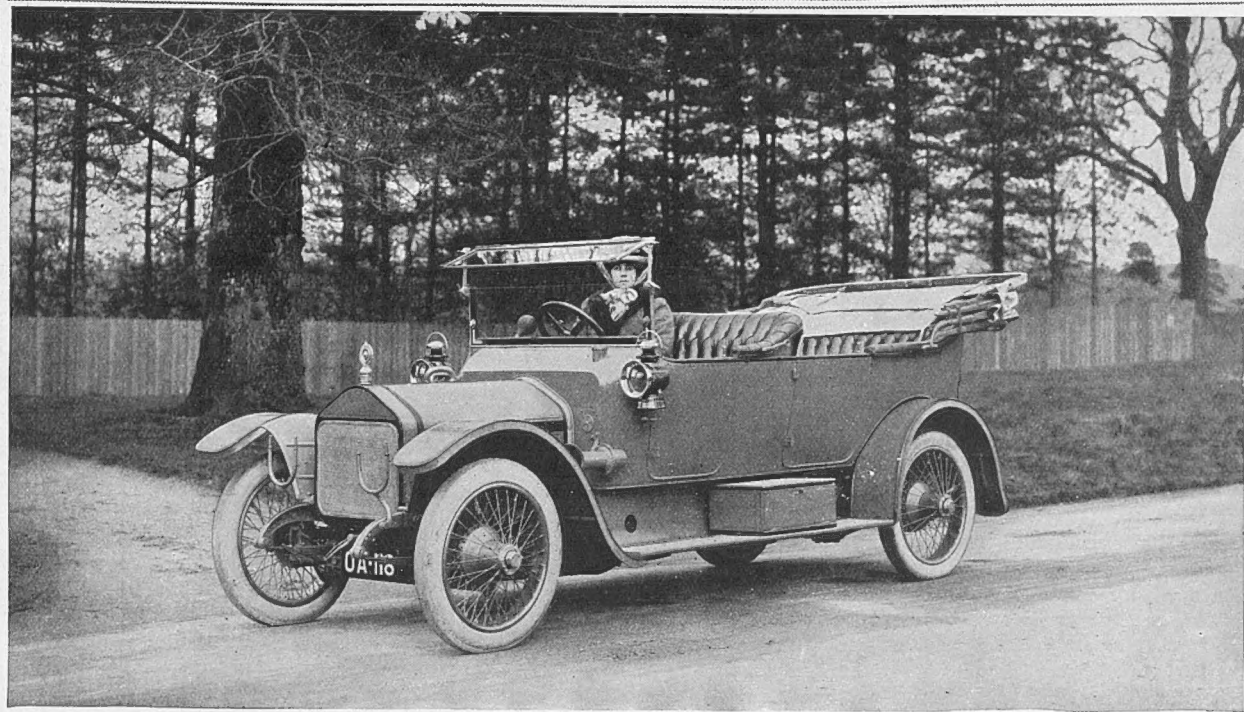
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John Jameson is no stronger in alcohol than ordinary whiskies, but its high quality lends it a wealth of flavour, so that one uses less in every glass.

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Three ★ ★ ★ Star
Whiskey

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will. Soon after his marriage to a charming woman—an Anglican clergyman's daughter—he discovers the will which disinherited him except on condition of his renouncement of faith. Now he had for long been faithless—and, indeed, tainted by atheism—so his only doubt lay between the course of saying nothing of the will, or establishing his indisputable right to the property by forsaking Catholicism publicly. But he reckoned without his wife, or the power of religion, or Mme. Longard de Longgarde. As child after child died, Lucy's leanings became conviction. She promised herself to the Madonna pending the recovery of the last baby left; and presently, the baby recovering, confessed as much to her husband; also, learning at last his secret, inspired him to return, penitent, to the fold. Then comes the climax—which in other hands than these capable ones might seem a little suggestive of the Sunday School tract, wherein virtue is always immediately and materially rewarded.

We learn that the South Eastern and Chatham Railway's new Continental Express will leave Charing Cross at 4.30 p.m. from July 1, via Dover and Calais, and will serve Paris every week-day until Oct. 31; Bâle, until Sept. 30, and Tuesdays and Saturdays in October; Martigny-les-Bains, Contrexéville, and Vittel every Tuesday and Friday in July, August, and September; and Boulogne, Dannes-Camiers (for Ste Cécile Plage) and Etaples (for Le Touquet, Paris Plage) every Friday from July 11 to Sept. 12. The ordinary afternoon service via Boulogne and Ostend will, on and from July 1, run fifteen minutes earlier.

It is announced by the Great Eastern Railway Company that their main line seaside summer train service, which for several years has operated from about the middle of July, will, with a few exceptions, commence this season on Tuesday, July 1. By this arrangement, intending tourists and others will be able to avail themselves at the beginning of July of practically the full express seaside service, and in view of the longer days of the early summer, the improved facility will, no doubt, attract a good many visitors to the coast towns before the pressure of the August holiday traffic sets in.

"Shen Shuo An" is a wonderful Chinese lacquer-ware, called after the artist who flourished some three hundred years ago in Foochow, and was raised for his talent to the rank of mandarin

of the sixth degree. It is a combination of pure gold with various pigments and the resin of trees; this placed on specially prepared wood, and re-acted on by the atmosphere, produces beautiful and curious colour-effects. The secret has been carefully kept in the family, the present head of which in his work excels any done by his ancestors; and he also has been made a mandarin. This fine work is almost unknown to English people, and the first exhibition of it is being made by the great and enterprising firm of Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street and Welbeck Street, at the present time. Very many people interested in rare and beautiful *objets d'art* are availing themselves of the opportunity. It is only made by one man in each generation—the eldest son, who is always immensely proud of his position. A visit to this unique exhibition will be amply repaid.

Always a desirable thing to do, but when done by a golf-bag, worthy of all admiration. This recent invention is a solution of the Sunday caddie business, because it makes carrying one's own clubs a matter of no difficulty. There is no need to stoop; wooden club-heads are undamaged, as they need not be thrown down, and shafts need not go through getting wet from the bag lying on the ground. Inside this invaluable bag is a pointed steel rod attached to the ring of the bag. It is protected at the bottom of the bag by a nut. When this is unscrewed and the ring pressed downward, the bag stands erect. It is made to stand upright without the least exertion. As the rod is inside, there is no disfigurement to the bag, and it weighs less than half-a-pound. On the nut being screwed in place, the bag is as an ordinary one for travelling. The prices are: for ladies' bags in best quality, 15s. 9d.; and for men's bags, 16s. 9d. They can be had from all leading sports houses, and club professionals. Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, an application to the sole manufacturers, s.o. Department, 81-4, Leadenhall Street, E.C., will ensure immediate notification of the nearest agent.

The *Financial Times* Index for May is now out, and is to be issued regularly in future. It has been compiled on a novel plan devised for prompt service. Every column of the paper is numbered consecutively, and the numbers against the Index names correspond with the numbered columns of the paper. Thus instant reference can be made to any Company or matter of financial interest required.

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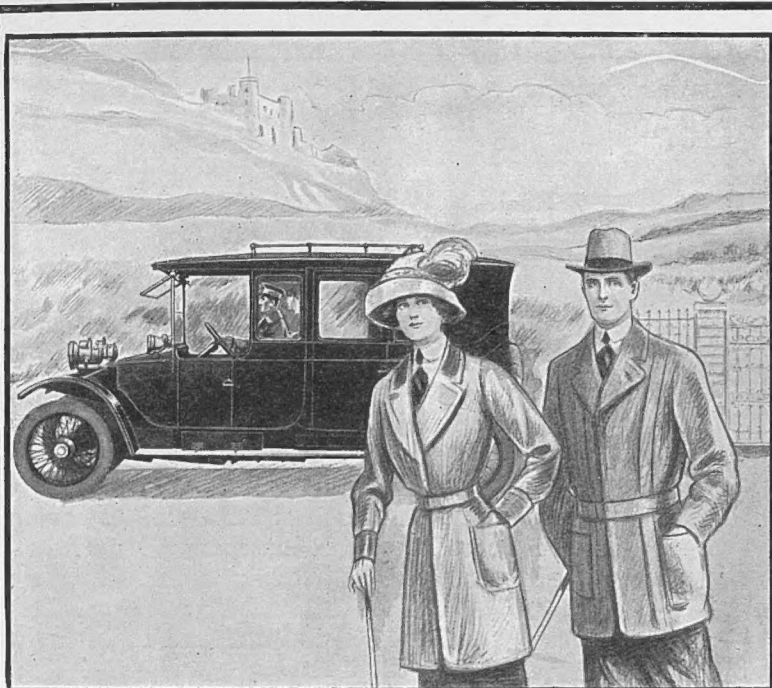
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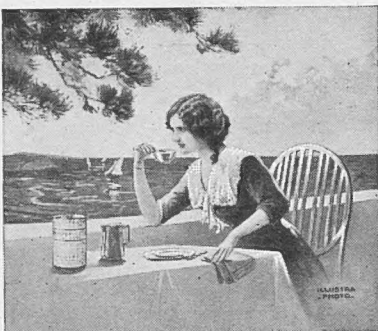
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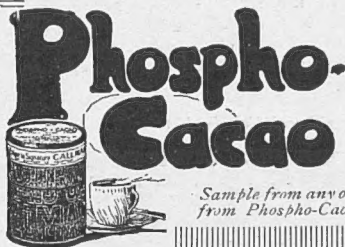
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(Winter).

Table & Bed Linen, Handkf's, etc.

Woven by Hand on our own Looms.

LADIES' LINGERIE

LOUVET Frères, Proprietors.

O. BOYER, Director, formerly of New York.